**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 01**

by[**BusyBadger**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1564766&page=submissions)©

Much to the Slut's disappointment, it was not guilt or inhibition but time and opportunity that put the damper on Gwen's sexuality over the next couple of months. Her sister-in-law had only been able to come over and ride once in that time as she and Adam had been busy preparing for and then traveling on their annual trip to the Caribbean. Natalie had been insistent the Nelsons join them, but the ever-increasing demands of the business put a vacation out of the question for this for now and Gwen had eventually promised that she and Tim would seriously consider going along with them next year,.  
  
To no one's surprise, Cricket was a regular visitor, but she was again studying for the CPA exam Gwen had convinced her to take after she had put it aside during her divorce, and spent her Saturdays holed up in her tiny apartment. She left her books on Sundays to come ride, and Tim had contrived excuses to be somewhere else a couple of times during her visits in the hopes of hearing later what had happened in his absence.  
  
Even the weather had conspired against her, Gwen's rare opportunities to get out and perhaps give someone an "accidental" peek at the mall or grocery store curtailed by the need to dress warmly and therefore, conservatively. Only the sex with Tim remained a glorious constant, and the couple were more active in the bedroom than they had ever been.  
  
"Do you think Cricket's pretty?" Gwen asked as the couple climbed the hillock to the hot tub that cool Sunday evening. The young woman had shared the spa with them on several of her visits, all parties modestly dressed so as not to make the others uncomfortable. With her absence, the couple happily ditched the bathing suits.  
  
Tim chose his words carefully, knowing it would be counterproductive to lie. "She looks like you, so in that way, yeah, I think she's pretty. Why?"  
  
"I see you looking at her when we all come up here."  
  
He shrugged helplessly and held the gate open. He had tried to make it seem like he was just being polite by letting Cricket climb the hill ahead of him so he could check out that cute little ass work under her one-piece. And her suit did cling to all the right places when wet... "I'm a guy. We look. We can't help it. I'm also a married guy, so I don't do anything more than look. You know that, right?"  
  
Two bodies eased themselves into the steaming water. My mother has that much right about men, Gwen admitted to herself. Every man looks.  
  
"Lookin' helps my imagination when I'm listenin' to your stories." Tim paused. "You can look at my friends, if you want. Don't women ever look at guys?"  
  
It was Gwen's turn to weigh her words. "We do, we're just more discrete about it. And as for your friends, I would rather not look at Charlie, thank you very much. He's not exactly in peak physical shape. Besides, if he ever caught me he'd probably think I was checking him out and decide he could do the same to me without at least pretending he's not." Definitely not Charlie, but there were others who I wouldn't mind watching take off their clothes, the Slut offered.  
  
Tim chuckled but said nothing. Charlie had been checking her out for years; he mentally undressed every woman. But to him, Gwen was the unattainable trophy, the one who never showed anything. His friend still thought she lived her life fully dressed at all times, even if he did have to admit she had begun to occasionally flash glimpses of her carefully-hidden warm and caring personality. Tim had not let it slip yet that she had begun to frequently show much more than a smile, and wondered if Charlie would even believe him if he did.  
  
It was quiet save for the sounds of the darkened forest, Tim and Gwen leaning back against the wall of the tub, savoring a last few moments of peace before bed and the upcoming work week.  
  
"Does he have a big one?"  
  
He opened his eyes to see her looking back at him. "Huh?"  
  
"Does Charlie...is he, uhh, well-endowed down there?" Gwen motioned with her eyes below the surface to Tim's midsection.  
  
"Oh—uhh, can't say. I don't think I've seen him naked since the locker room in high school, and he sure as hell wasn't hard then, so I don't know how big he is. To hear him tell it though, he's huge." Tim smiled. "Why? Looking for something bigger?"  
  
"I'm not looking for anything—or anyone," she quickly countered, the Lady certain the rude question had offended her husband. "It's just that I haven't seen that many, and it seems like there's quite a variety.  
  
"Yeah, they do come in a lot of shapes, sizes and colors, not that I'm lookin' or anything. It's okay if you do, though," he added. "If I can go around imagining Cricket nekkid, no reason you can't do the same to Charlie."  
  
"Thank you very much, no," Gwen retorted, moving next to her husband and tucking herself under his arm. "He's someone I have to believe looks better in his clothes than out of them." Some of our employees, on the other hand...the Lady ominously warned of even the thought as grounds for a workplace harassment lawsuit.  
  
There was silence again. After a while, Gwen spoke in a low voice, barely audible above the hum of the filter. "Have you ever seen an uncircumcised one?"  
  
Tim laughed. "You don't look at other naked guys too much or else you get a reputation. But yeah, I've seen one or two. Not real common when I was growing up, but I guess more and more parents are letting their sons keep the natural look."  
  
"Jason's uncircumcised, you know."  
  
Tim smiled. "Ali told you too, huh?"  
  
Gwen looked up at her husband. "She told you? When?"  
  
He shrugged. "Back when they were first dating. She found out he was...uhh, that way, and called me to ask about the proper care and handling of the uncircumcised penis."  
  
"She admitted to her own father that she had become that—familiar—with a boy? What did she even ask you about? You're circumcised-you don't have any experience with—that, do you? What in the world did you tell her?"  
  
I let her know I didn't have any experience with foreskins, either. But since I've got the stripped-down model, I think I told her Jason's was more or less the same thing, just still in the natural wrapper. You pull it back when want to get at what's underneath, if it's not already out of the way, and that I was sure Jason would be happy to explain the finer points. I think I was able to get her going in the right direction and not screw her up too bad. He did marry her, after all."  
  
"I'm really sorry you got put in that situation. You must have been so embarrassed, your own daughter ask you about having sex before she was married! Alison should have been able to talk to me. She must think I'm a terrible mother."  
  
Tim hugged her to him. "I kinda knew the girls weren't waiting for marriage, so I just wanted to make sure they were safe and informed, at least as much as they'd listen to me. And as for you...you were an incredible mother, and continue to be an incredible mother. I can still remember how you would become mama bear when one of the horse show moms would try and rattle the girls before they rode. You were so good about protecting them in everything they did, bringing them up right. So you weren't comfortable talking about sex back then—so what? You're getting better about it now, and I think the girls know that—I mean, Ali told you about Jason, right?"  
  
"No," she mumbled, looking down. "Not exactly. I accidentally saw a picture of his...of him on her tablet."  
  
"Oh...does she know you saw it?"  
  
"Yes, she saw me looking and told me sometimes he takes pictures like that and sends them to her when he's traveling."  
  
Tim doubted the flow of pictures was only one way, but put the thought aside "Caught you looking huh? There's one way to add to you collection. She was okay with you looking?"  
  
"I didn't mean to! It was just—there. And yes, she was a little embarrassed, but she seemed alright with me seeing it."  
  
"See? She was fine, you were fine. No big deal."  
  
'Course, some of the things I saw and heard when they were younger would probably have been a very big deal to you back then, Tim mused. KD's pregnancy scare had been the most nerve-wracking—the potential father would not have been his first or even fifteenth choice for a son-in-law-but there had been other heart-to-hearts regarding sexual matters with both of his daughters as well. A faint smile crossed his lips as he remembered the morning he had found a recently-used condom on the pool deck. He had quietly confronted Alison, thanking her for using protection but asking that her friends pick up after themselves. No man likes to pick up another man's used rubber, he reminded her, especially after the rubber had been in the man's daughter. Alison had blushed furiously and mumbled her apologies, begging him not to tell Mom. "If she finds it first next time, I'll be hiding in the shop while you tell her," he had replied with a half-smile.  
  
He waited until it was quiet again. "So? Does he have a big one?"  
  
It was Gwen who was caught off guard this time. "Huh? Who?"  
  
"Jason. Is it worthy of my daughter? Think it'll be the right tool for the job when it comes time to make us a grandkid?"  
  
"I—I'm sure it's perfectly fine for that. I don't have much to compare it to," she stammered, remembering how big and capable she had thought it when he had been preparing to put it in her daughter. But there would be no grandchildren using that entrance!  
  
"Well, how big compared to me?"  
  
"I don't know, maybe a little shorter than yours—it's hard to tell with the extra skin." That's what men wanted to hear, right—that theirs was bigger?  
  
"Thick or thin?"  
  
"It was hard to tell from the picture," she lied. Definitely thicker, the Slut opined. The Lady was aghast that she could so casually compare her husband's and son-in-law's penises like cucumbers for pickling.  
  
"As long as it comes when called..." Tim's hands began to roam over his wife's body, stopping to gently squeeze a breast. "Ready for bed?" Gwen nodded and they climbed from the water. He led the way down the hill to their room, laid her down, and resumed their caresses.  
  
"Tim?"  
  
He didn't bother to remove his lips from where they were nuzzling her neck. "Hmm?"  
  
"Did you ever...from behind...before you met me?"  
  
"From behind? A couple times, yeah, I guess. Why? Am I doing it wrong with you?"  
  
Gwen laughed nervously. "No, not that way, the other way...from behind."  
  
Tim pulled back from her neck, a little confused. "You mean-" he patted her lightly on her exposed ass cheek—"back here?"  
  
Gwen could not look him in the eye. "Yes, there."  
  
"Well, uh no, never did that...why?"  
  
"Oh, you know... Natalie lets Adam do it that way some times, and Ali and Jason do it that way, too—"  
  
"Wait. Alison and Jason have anal sex? How do you know that? I can see Natalie telling you about her and your brother, but Ali...sounds like she's been talking to you, after all, unless you saw that on her tablet, too." Tim smiled hoping to make the joke obvious, but Gwen found it too close for comfort. No, not her tablet.  
  
"I just know, and I thought that since everyone else does it, that maybe if we're not doing it we should be, or that you want to? I'm sorry, I'm not making any sense."  
  
Tim's cock jumped at the idea of Gwen even mentioning that most forbidden zone, and he fought to remain calm and sound reasonable. "No, you're fine, and not everybody does it, at least from what I've heard. The guys I know make a big deal of it when they do get it, and I think they're making it up half the time. You know you and me, we can have sex however we want, right? Whatever you and me decide we do or don't do is nobody else's business." Tim spoke slowly, carefully. "Are you asking because you think we should be doing, or because you want to?"  
  
"I don't know... I want to give you something you want for once rather than have it be all about me. I'm willing to try it, if you think you might like it."  
  
"It hasn't been all about you. Trust me, I feel like I died and went to sex heaven. I don't want to make you do something you don't want to do...aren't you afraid it might hurt?"  
  
"I was, and I still am a little bit, but Natalie gave me some things to practice with and it's really not that bad, especially after I relax a little."  
  
Good ole' Natalie to the rescue, Tim thought. "Practicing? With what?"  
  
Gwen rolled off the bed and to her feet. "I'll show you. Be right back." She returned in a moment, laying the spreaders and lube on the sheets. "These. I put one in back there and then leave it in for a while."  
  
"Really? And it doesn't hurt?"  
  
"Not really, no. I get used to it pretty quickly." Gwen looked down at his straining erection—the interruption had not seemed to affect it at all. "So, did you want to try? Your umm, cock seems like it wants to."  
  
Tim's length, already hard just from the prospect of going where no man had gone before, twitched in response at his wife's use of that rarely uttered word. "Uh, sure, if you want to, but I'm really not sure how to start..."  
  
Practical Gwen had already thought this through. "Off the bed," she ordered, removing the Magic Wand from her nightstand and dropping next to the pillows she had piled on the spot Tim had just vacated. The shorter, fatter dildo was also placed within reach. She lay stomach-down on the pillows, positioning the vibrator underneath the junction of her spread legs and reaching back with the rubber cudgel, putting the bulbous tip to her already-wet opening.  
  
Tim watched the show from the end of the bed, tentatively stroking his length, fascinated by the sight of Gwen's upturned ass and the dildo beginning to split her pussy lips. "Damn, that's a hell of a view," he muttered. "I could just stand here and watch you do that."  
  
"You can if you'd like," Gwen replied, her face on the bedspread as she filled herself with the faux penis, sliding it in until the testicles rested against her. "I'll understand."  
  
"No, no," Tim said hurriedly, putting a knee on the bed. "But I do want to watch you do that some other time. So, what do I do?"  
  
She imagined him staring lustfully at her exposed rosebud, presented for his pleasure. "Take the bottle and squirt a little on my, uh, hole, and spread it around." The bed sagged as he shuffled between her legs and flipped the cap open. Her puckered ring contracted at the first touch of the cool liquid, and Tim began to delicately spread it over and around the muscle, delicately exploring the texture of the wrinkled ring. "Try and get some if it inside me." Tim was gentle as he tentatively pushed against the ring, letting it yield to his push. He marveled at just how tight it was and doubting whether the somewhat-larger thing between his legs would fit, although it was very eager to try.  
  
Gwen involuntarily contracted around his finger, feeling how much thicker and rougher it was than her own or Natalie's. It continued to fill her, slowly pushing deeper, until knuckles brushed the curve of her split. The invader withdrew a little and slid forward again, twisting and turning to coat her walls with the slippery liquid.  
  
"You, uh, you think I should use some more?"  
  
Gwen's head stayed on the mattress, her eyes closed. "Maybe if you put some of it on yourself, we can try that next, if you want." She heard the bottle top snap open again and steeled herself against what was about to happen, a fist gripping the blanket while the other hand snaked under and between her legs, ready to flip the switch on the Magic Wand. "Is the angle alright?"  
  
Tim moved, straddling her thighs, lining himself up. "I think so."  
  
"Just go easy, okay? Stop if I say stop?" Gwen asked with as much calm as she could muster, unaware she was repeating her daughter's plea from the video.  
  
"We don't have to if you don't want," Tim repeated, his length already lying in her crevice, anxious for the go ahead. "You can say no any time."  
  
"I want to try, at least..."  
  
"Okay..."  
  
Gwen thumbed the vibrator's switch, feeling the first jolt against her clitoris as the tip of her husband's cock touched and tested her still-tight muscle. It hesitated there, engaged in a last-minute debate with its owner, and then compressed as Tim worked out how much pressure needed to be applied without being too much. She felt the now-familiar stretching as the crown of his head slid past the taut muscle and pushed her ring open further than it had ever been opened before, then stopped.  
  
"Okay?"  
  
Gwen nodded, her eyes still closed, willing herself not to show the nervous anticipation or discomfort she felt, concentrating on the tingling of her clit and the fullness in her other opening. "Okay." The head again pushed forward, the shaft behind holding her open, past where the spreader would have begun to narrow and allow her ring to snap shut and capture its neck. Now, there was nowhere for her muscle to relax, just more of an impossibly thick penis to grip. Her body fought to expel the invader but the Slut welcomed it, reveling in this incredibly perverted act of submission; she had given up her most forbidden opening.  
  
And then she felt her husband's hips lightly press against her rear; he seemed unwilling to burrow any deeper. "Do you want me to take it out?" he rumbled, anxiously looking for some sort of reaction, fearful of the hurt he might be causing.  
  
Gwen's hips twitched at the vibrations tormenting her button, involuntarily pushing back to seat his length just a little bit deeper. "No, it's alright," she groaned softly. "You can...fuck me now...if you want. Just go slow, right?"  
  
Tim's answer was to withdraw himself a bit, then grasp her hipbones with strong fingers and push forward again with just a little more force than the first time. "Jesus Gwen, I thought your pussy was tight, but this is incredible. Are you sure you're alright?"  
  
"I'm fine. It's actually not too bad once you get used to it." That was the truth; she enjoyed the feeling of him sliding against the length buried in her vagina, just a thin layer of flesh separating the two lovers. She wondered what it would be like to be filled completely, to have her face in another man's lap instead of the blankets. Three men, taking her, using her, each trying to outdo the other...  
  
Tim established a slow and steady rhythm, being careful not to become too energetic, the tightness of her ass and the thought of what he was being allowed—invited!-to do bringing him close to orgasm in a short time. Gwen too was beginning her rise to climax.  
  
He stopped after one thrust, letting his urge to let it fly subside a bit. "Uhh, should I pull out before I shoot?"  
  
Gwen thought for a second—Alison's video had ended well before the final act and she had no idea if there was any reason why he shouldn't finish where he was. "No, you can stay in me if you want. Just don't get carried away, okay?"  
  
Tim smiled. "Let me give it a try."  
  
He managed to stay in control despite his rapidly growing need to come, giving a few more pushes before emptying himself inside her. He started to pull away with the last pulse. "Stay there," Gwen hissed, and her own orgasm overtook her a moment later. Tim could feel her contracting around his still rock-hard dick, shuddering and bucking against the man pinning her to the bed in a most unnatural fashion. He waited until she seemed spent before withdrawing.

Gwen wore nothing but a t-shirt and muck boots as she went out to put the horses to bed, enjoying the feel of the slickness leaking out and down between her legs, smiling and shaking her head at how it had gotten there in the first place. She joined her husband in the shower after assuring all was well in the barn.  
  
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The plumbers and apprentices assumed Mrs. Nelson's stiff and deliberate walk could be attributed to a little too much riding over the weekend. They could never have guessed that riding had indeed been the cause, but she had not been the rider but the mount. Despite Tim's efforts to be gentle the night before, her bottom felt slightly abused in a way the spreaders had never given a hint of. I'll have to ask Natalie if there's a way to avoid that the next time, she thought as she sat down at her desk. Despite the aftereffects, it hadn't been that bad...maybe Tim would want her that way again, might not even bother to ask, just bend her over something and take whatever he wanted.  
  
The phone interrupted her musings, and she picked up on the second ring. "Nelson Plumbing, may I help you?"  
  
"Uh, yes, may I speak with Gwen please?"  
  
"Speaking."  
  
"Hi Gwen, this is Yvette McCallum. We had asked for a quote on a bathroom remodel before Christmas? I think we're ready to start."  
  
Gwen began to shuffle through paperwork. "McCallum...let me find the paperwork. Do you know which of our plumbers gave you the quote?"  
  
"I believe it was your husband Tim? We have the house up on the lake? We met at the beach there last fall?"  
  
An image of the woman on the other end of the line, naked and holding her husband's penis, flashed into her head. "Oh, yes Mrs. McCallum, of course, how are you?"  
  
She laughed. "Please, call me Yvette, and my husband is Bob."  
  
"Yes, yes of course Yvette, I remember you both." Another image, of Bob squatting in front of her, flaunting his semi-tumescent length, came to mind. "So, you're looking to schedule some work?"  
  
"We are. Our general contractors are going to begin the rip out of the master bathroom next week, and we were hoping Tim could come by and do the plumbing once they get things exposed?"  
  
"Of course, we can have somebody out there to do the tear out next Thursday, if that will be alright, and then when your contractors get things roughed in, they can call us and we'll send somebody out to do the installs."  
  
"That would be great! And Tim can do the work?"  
  
"Well, we have someone we normally send out to do the first part, but I can see if Tim will be available to do both the tear out and install." Her husband would make the most sense for the job for the install anyways, Gwen had to admit. He had not yet filled the apprentice position vacated when Andrew got his journeyman's license, so to send one plumber out all that way on a relatively small job was the probably the most efficient use of manpower. It would also lessen the chance of any one of the employees finding out what their bosses had been doing that weekend last fall.  
  
The voice on the other end hesitated. "Thank you...I know this is going to make me sound a little paranoid, but we—well, I—was hoping we could be discrete about the circumstances of how we met exactly. We try to maintain a certain level of...privacy...in our personal life. And since Tim was there and already knows...I hope you understand."  
  
"Oh yes, I understand, certainly," Gwen stammered. "Nobody else knows—we enjoy our privacy, too!"  
  
Yvette laughed. "Wonderful. Thank you for understanding. So we'll be seeing Tim next Thursday morning?"  
  
"Yes, first thing, absolutely," a flustered Gwen gushed.  
  
"Great! Thanks Gwen, I hope to see you at the lake soon!"  
  
"Thank you, that would be nice! Take care!"  
  
Gwen breathed a small sigh of relief as she hung up, glad that Yvette McCallum was apparently as concerned about keeping their little secret as she was. Of course, the Lady reminded her, they may have requested Tim so they would not have to be so discrete in their own home? What if they chose to walk around in the nude? Would they expect Tim strip down as well? Despite her new concern, she giggled at the Slut's suggestion of her husband in nothing but work boots and a tool belt. Was naked plumbing even legal in the state of Georgia? It was the master bathroom; the master bedroom would certainly be nearby. What if they did something more, like that day at the beach, right in front of her husband? He said he doesn't touch, you can trust him not to, the Slut counseled, even if he does get an eyeful. Maybe he'll have his own story to tell you.  
  
She shifted to reach for her keyboard and her bottom reminded her of their activities the night before. Definitely not a spot for muscle rub, she thought ruefully. The hot tub works on sore muscles, and that's a muscle, maybe a soak might help? She made a quick stop at the house for a towel before heading up the hill to find out.  
  
The hot water stung her rosebud as she sat, the crinkled ring clenching tight against the sudden heat. Gwen drew a sharp breath at her discomfort but continued to gingerly lower herself into the tub. Her body soon adjusted to the sudden change of temperature and she closed her eyes, enjoying the sun on her face. Between the warmer temperatures and the radiant heating system, the pool would be open for the season very soon, she thought. Skinny-dipping would be the rule this year—no suits unless absolutely required! The Slut debated whether they would be required around anybody; the Lady insisted on everyone in the interest of privacy. Gwen pondered the Slut's question and wondered who else might be inclined to join their hosts and go au naturel. Her daughters had admitted they had not felt the need for bathing suits when their parents were not around; maybe this year they would feel the same in her presence". The thought of having that level of trust pleased her, and she wondered if it would be proper for them to extend it to their father.  
  
Gwen remembered how she had caught KD coming in from the pool that night last summer, the banana-shaped dildo unsuccessfully concealed in a small towel. A finger strayed to her clitoris at the memory of how her daughter had unwittingly helped her mother discover the pleasures of the pool jet, and how powerful the orgasm it had created had been that first muggy night. The hot tub had jets...she and Tim normally didn't use them, appreciating the quiet of their woodland setting over the whir of the pump and the slap and splash of turbulent water. Gwen looked about and found a nozzle at the right height for massaging the lower back...also the right height for something else if you turned to face it. She kneeled on the low seat before it, spreading her legs slightly to steady herself, and reached over to turn the jet on.  
  
The watery blast that assaulted her sex was much stronger than what she had remembered of the pool jet, and she hurriedly angled her hips to lessen the onslaught while allowing the flow to continue on between her thighs and over her rosebud, soothing and tickling. With a contented sigh, Gwen lay her forearms and head on the concrete and let the water perform its magic.  
  
She stayed like this for some time, letting her lower body dictate the force of the jet against her sex, moving close to build to a sensory overload before backing up and off a bit to tease herself. Her climax began its climb, the movement of her hips creating plateaus to be savored before different sensations were applied. Gwen was in no hurry; the water was wonderfully warm, the swish of warm water over her rear soothing, and her clitoris loved being subjected to the fast-moving current then withdrawn when it could take no more. Her orgasm was near, and she didn't have to do anything but soak in the warm spring sun...  
  
Her head snapped up, alert for danger, at the muffled thud of the truck door down in the yard. Gwen looked about wildly, wondering if even now someone could see onto the pool deck and the naked body half-hanging out of the spa. Her clothes were nearby, thankfully left where she might collect them without being seen from below—as long as whoever was driving the truck hadn't started to climb the hill looking for her. She scrambled from the hot water and ran to her towel in a bent-over crouch. Only one door, she thought as she wrapped herself. Probably not one of the plumbing trucks unless it was Tim, or Andrew, they were solo. Maybe it was one of Tim's friends, come looking for something...  
  
The idea of parading down the hill dressed in nothing but a smile to greet her husband had its own perverse merits, and her interrupted orgasm made the prospect of him finishing what she had started very appealing. She cautiously crept towards the fence, towel wrapped about her, hoping to peek down the hill and catch a glimpse of the visitor.  
  
Gwen ducked and recoiled at the sight of Andrew coming out of the shop's office door. Most likely looking for me, she thought, and quickly ran through her options. Dress quickly was the obvious first step. Wait here until he left, or go see what he wants. Being caught up here hiding if he decided to check might prove difficult to explain...better to go down and see what he needs.  
  
Gwen dressed quickly to the familiar sound of copper pipe being pulled out of the truck and tossed on the recycle pile on the other side of the shop. She hurried down the hill, the vehicle hiding her approach from the young plumber.  
  
Andrew looked up on his way back from the scrap heap just in time to avoid running into her as she rounded the truck. "Shit! I mean—sorry, Mrs. Nelson, but I didn't know you were there!"  
  
"Sorry Andrew," she said with a smile. "I should have warned you."  
  
The young man's eyes quickly traveled over her body. Her denim shirt was wet in patches, not like sweat, but like she had not dried off completely after a shower. Maybe that's where she had been when he pulled in. His eyes locked in on a spot above her left breast as he conjured an image of her naked, under the hot spray...  
  
Gwen caught his stare, looked at the patch and smiled. "I heard you come in. I was up in the spa. "I'm a little sore," she explained. "It happens when you get old. The hot tub helps."  
  
The explanation didn't help stifle his imagination, and his cock twitched at the thought that maybe she hadn't been wearing a suit up there, like that night with Tim. She wasn't old then; to the young plumber's way of thinking, old ladies did not give blowjobs. "Oh, uhh, I guess it would. I never tried that—they always made us get in the cold tubs to ice down after baseball practice in high school."  
  
"That doesn't sound very pleasant. You should try it sometime—you boys know you're free to use the pool and tub any time."  
  
"Yes ma'am, I know, thank you," he replied nervously, turning back to the remaining pipe scrap he had piled on the back of the truck at the last job, anxious to hide what he could feel growing in his pants. "I'll remember that the next time I'm sore. But right now I've got to empty the truck and get a couple of things out of inventory and head out again."  
  
"Of course. What do you need? I can go pull them for you."  
  
She returned with the items he had requested as the last pipes were thrown on the pile. He hurriedly mumbled his goodbyes and was on his way again, Gwen waving as he went down the driveway. She headed to the house when the truck was out of sight and retrieved her rabbit, returning to the office and disrobing while she checked messages. Gwen leaned back in her chair with legs spread wide and feet set firmly on her desk, imagining the young plumber walking in on her and taking in the show. She came with a Cricket-like squeak.  
  
Nobody was there to watch her shudder and recover, but her fantasy audience was close by. Andrew had stopped the truck a short distance down the road and snuck up through the woods to a secluded spot in the hope that Mrs. Nelson might return to the spa and confirm his suspicion about her choice of swimwear. He was disappointed she had not appeared, but his brain spent the rest of the day suggesting lurid scenarios where she had. Mrs. Nelson was anxious to satisfy his every desire as he jerked off that night.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 02**

Gwen tried to remain patient as they sat down to dinner that evening, waiting for Tim to volunteer something about how his day doing tear-out at the McCallum's lake house had gone. To her frustration, he kept the conversation centered around the activities of the other plumbers, quizzing her on whether paperwork was being turned in correctly and what needed restocking. She filled him in on what she had seen and heard around the shop, biding her time.  
  
Finally, she could wait no longer. "And how did your day go?"  
  
"Good," Tim mumbled around a mouthful of chicken. She waited for him to finish chewing so he might go into detail, slightly irritated when he did not.  
  
"Did everything go alright?"  
  
"Oh yeah, pretty typical. I had to undo some do-it-yourself work from the last owner that wasn't code, but nothing too bad."  
  
"And the McCallums? Are they nice?"  
  
"Yeah, really nice. They both work out of the house—she's an educational consultant—so they were there all day, but they mostly stayed out of the way. Bob came in to talk boats and fishing, but he didn't seem like one of those guys who wants to know what I'm doin' and why I'm not doin' it like his buddy did. Yvette looked in a few times to check on the progress and ask if I needed a drink or anything. She also told me to tell you thank you for putting me on the job. I guess she asked for me? "  
  
"She said she asked for you because they, umm, like their privacy and since you saw them on the beach... so, did they wear any clothes today?"  
  
Tim smiled and forked a green bean. "Well, uhh, yeah, shorts and shirts, both of 'em. Guess that's proper business attire when you work from home, right?" He quickly decided full disclosure was best. "I mean, Yvette wasn't wearing a bra, so I guess that's what she meant by privacy." He stopped there, waiting for a reaction.  
  
"How could you tell?"  
  
"Her top was loose. No big deal. I mean, I've seen 'em before," he said with forced nonchalance, looking down at his plate.  
  
Gwen has seen them too. Much larger than her own, not quite as big as Natalie's..."Huh. Do you think she knew you could see them?"  
  
"Probably...I don't think she was trying to show 'em off, just being comfortable in her own house." Tim again waited for his wife's response. Gwen's need for modesty and propriety had relaxed quite a bit, but he still wasn't sure just how she would react to him being around half-naked women without a chaperone.  
  
Gwen raised an eyebrow but said nothing. "I'm, uhh, gonna put the boat in on Sunday and head over to Bob's—we're gonna go fishing," he slowly continued.  
  
"Oh." The Lady conjured an image of a naked Yvette going along for the ride and the Slut quickly countered, reminding her that Tim would behave himself if that unlikely possibility came to be. Besides, Tim had trusted her around plenty of naked women lately...  
  
"As far as I know." The phone rang and Gwen rose to get it, her husband thankful for the interruption.  
  
"Hello, Natalie, how are you?"  
  
"Hey Gwen, I'm good, how're you doing?"  
  
"I'm good, too. Are you at work?"  
  
"Yeah, taking a quick break. Hey, I just got a message from Liz—she's going to be in the area tomorrow and we're going to have lunch together before I go to work, so I can't come over and ride."  
  
Gwen kept her disappointment under control. "Oh—oh, that's alright, I understand..."  
  
"I was hoping you might want to join us."  
  
"Thank you, that's very nice, but I'm sure you'd like to spend time with her..." probably doing what we would be doing if you had come over here, the Slut grumbled.  
  
"I want to spend time with both of you. C'mon, it's not like you two are strangers—you're not afraid of her, are you?"  
  
"Of course I'm not afraid of her," Gwen huffed. Maybe a little intimidated, but not afraid. "Are you sure she wouldn't mind?"  
  
"Positive."  
  
Gwen weighed her options, wondering what besides lunch she might be committing herself to. "If you're sure you don't mind me tagging along...where and what time?"  
  
"Noon. Bluefin's. You know where that is, right?"  
  
Twelve o'clock and Natalie had to be at work at two. There would be no time for—that-after. Maybe she and Liz would be taking care of "that" before lunch, working up an appetite without her. The Lady took this opportunity to mourn the death of Gwen's sanity and decency. "I do. We installed their dishwashers. I'll see you at noon, then."  
  
Tim was grateful his wife's attention seemed to be on something else after she hung up, and Yvette McCallum's clothing choices were not discussed further.  
  
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Gwen was prompt as always, pushing through one of the restaurant's double doors at 11:58am. She scanned the large dining room until she spotted the tops of two heads, one blonde and one redhead, sitting side by side in a booth tucked away in a secluded back corner. Liz rose to greet her with a hug before letting her go and allowing Natalie to give her own welcome while a young waitress appeared to take the newcomer's drink order.  
  
"I was just telling Liz how busy I've been since we came back from vacation and how glad I was that I had a chance to see you," Natalie said, a tight smile on her face. Gwen thought her expression a little strange; maybe nervous anticipation? But of what? Liz seemed not to notice, intently studying her phone.  
  
"I was all set to—"her sister-in-law stopped mid-sentence, catching her breath. After a moment, she exhaled and continued. "To ride today, but when Liz called I thought it would be nice for us all to get together."  
  
Gwen could see a mysterious smirk on Liz's face as she continued to stare down at the phone. "Well, thank you for inviting me—it was very nice of you," she offered, her train of thought derailed as her sister-in-law again held her breath and shifted a bit in her seat. "Natalie, is everything alright?"  
  
Liz didn't bother to look up as she spoke first. "Cho—you remember Cho, right?—sometimes sends me new products to try out before she offers them in her shop. The latest in wearable technology," she continued, turning the screen in her hands towards the woman across the table. Gwen looked up, her confusion obvious. It appeared to be some sort of music player control panel, what did that have to do with anything?  
  
"Today Natalie is wearing a butterfly vibe," Liz explained quietly, the smirk still there. "It's like a G-String with a little bullet vibrator attached. They've been around a long time, but they're always either too weak to do anything much more than annoy you, or too loud to use without the whole room knowing about it. This one is different, though; I tried it out and the strength definitely gets my stamp of approval. But I wanted somebody else's opinion. So, were you able to hear it?" Gwen shook her head, eyes wide as they shifted between the phone, her sister-in-law, and the redhead.  
  
"I can't either," Liz continued, "and I'm sitting right next to it. It's got Bluetooth, so you run it from this app. The sliders control the intensity, and there's also a feature that makes it vibrate in time to the beat of the music." She smiled, turned the phone back to herself, and poked at it. "You can even make it vibrate to your voice." Natalie tensed again, the new setting obviously working. The screen was turned back to Gwen. "Here. Say something."  
  
"I don't know what—"Natalie's eyes fluttered and Liz laughed and swiped at the phone. "The louder the voice, the stronger the vibration. I'll bet this thing could knock your panties off at a party."  
  
"She made me put it on out in the car," Natalie said, glancing darkly at the redhead, "and has been tormenting me with it ever since. It's really good, but in the wrong hands, it could have you dropping your jeans to get it off of you. Might be embarrassing at the grocery store, you know?"  
  
"Or here," Liz added, her attention back on the screen.  
  
The waitress reappeared with Gwen's drink. "Are you ladies ready to order?"  
  
"I'll have the Caprese salad," Liz answered, briefly looking up before returning to her phone. There was tension in the air, both Natalie and Gwen anticipating the redhead's next move.  
  
"I'll have one also," Gwen offered, and Natalie shot Liz a warning look before speaking.  
  
"I'll have the chicKENNN Caesar salad," she squeaked as her friend touched the screen.  
  
"Would you like the chicken grilled?" the young woman asked, eying her customer suspiciously.  
  
"Please," the blonde replied through gritted teeth.  
  
"I'll be right back with your lunches." The waitress turned and headed for the kitchen, making a note to be careful about any more alcohol to that table.  
  
"Stop that!" Natalie hissed as she reached for the phone.  
  
Liz jerked it out of reach and laughed mischievously, Gwen not used to the lighthearted giggle coming from such a serious woman. "Alright, alright, we'll do some more product testing later. Low setting, I promise. So, how was your trip?"  
  
Natalie, cheeks flushed, refused to speak until the phone had been turned off and put down. She recounted their week in the Turks and Caicos with their friends Bill and Nancy Wieglin, and the rosy-cheeked blonde looked about after their meals had been delivered and she had finished describing the resort's beaches. "Speaking of the beach, I saw a very interesting show there," she said softly, a sly smile crossing her face.  
  
Gwen speared a tomato and paused. "Oh? What kind of show?"  
  
"I watched a guy jerk off."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Me and Nancy went to the beach—the nude one—one morning when the boys were off golfing. We had all been up late the night before and Nancy was pretty tired so she falls asleep as soon as she hits the towel. Well, this middle-aged Latino guy -nice body, cute butt-comes along and drops his stuff in front of us. I didn't recognize him at first without his uniform, but then I remember he's from one of the resort's restaurants—he's a waiter there, so we nod at each other and he lies down on his side and he starts sightseeing, you know, checking out the women, but he keeps looking back up at me and Nancy. I didn't think much about it, guys look at the women down there whether you've got clothes on or not, and I lie back and get some sun. After a while I lift my head up to check out the guy, because, you know, cute butt and everything, and he's still on his side looking at us, but now he's playing with his dick!"  
  
Gwen's salad was forgotten. "Oh my God Natalie, what did you do? Did he stop when you caught him?"  
  
The blonde's laugh caught in her throat and her eyes fluttered. "Sorry, couldn't resist," Liz said with a smirk and removed her finger from the phone still lying on the table.  
  
Natalie again eyed her darkly, then continued. "No, he just gave me this shit-eating grin and kept on doin' what he was doin', so I just smiled back and got out my sunscreen. I must have spent ten minutes making sure I got my boobs and the insides of my thighs really good, especially right around my crotch."  
  
Gwen's eyes were wide. "You encouraged him?"  
  
"I figured he was harmless and that there were enough people around if he wasn't, so why not at least let him look at the goodies as long as he didn't try to touch? So anyways, I checked on him again when I put my sunscreen away and he looked like he was really going to town while he was watching me, so I got comfy, opened my legs wider and watched him back. I think he liked knowin' I was watchin', cuz' pretty soon after that he shot a really healthy load all over the sand."  
  
"Men can and will jack off anywhere and anytime," Liz said with a smile. "Gotta admire that kind of dedication, bless their predictable little hearts."  
  
Gwen was more than a little aroused by the unmistakable similarities to some of her favorite fantasies. "Then what happened?"  
  
"He just laid there and checked out the scenery some more until he got soft, then he nodded like he was thanking me and got up and walked dOOOWN the beach. Dammit, you said the low setting!" The redhead smiled and shrugged.  
  
"Did you tell Nancy?"  
  
"Sure did. I told Adam, too. He made sure we ate at the guy's restaurant and had me point him out! He didn't have our table, but he must have remembered me because he winked." Natalie bit her lip and caught her breath. "Give me that." She snatched the phone away from a bemused Liz, swiped at the screen, and leaned against the backrest, eyes closed.  
  
The redhead turned her attention to the woman across from her. "Looks like she's going to be busy for a little bit, so I guess I'll have to ask you instead—would you like to model for Cho at her next home party?"  
  
"Home party? You mean like the storage container ones?"  
  
Liz smiled. "A little like that. She has one coming up in a couple of weeks that I'm going to be in, and Nat said she's gonna do it ,too—" she glanced at the grimacing woman next to her "—and we need one more model."  
  
Gwen blushed and used her fork to push a basil leaf around the plate. "I really don't think I'm model material, and I'm sure Cho wouldn't think so either."  
  
"You're wrong both times," the redhead said calmly. "I suggested you to her already and she'd said you'd be perfect to play the cute little MILF part. All of us think you have a hell of a body, Gwen. I'm pretty sure a lot of the women at this party will buy the stuff you'd be wearing thinking it'll make them look as good as you do in it. No chance in hell of that, but you would definitely help move some product."  
  
"I...I couldn't." She looked over at Natalie, her head flopped back against the top of the seat cushion while her hand worked under the table like she was rearranging some underwear that had ridden up. "Where happens at this party?"  
  
"Cho's got a longtime client, a very, very wealthy client, that invites some of her high-society friends—the upper-crust of Atlanta's ruling class-over for the evening. All ages; some of them are looking for things to amuse themselves with when they're playing with their boy-or-girl-toys, and some are looking for things to help keep their sugar daddies interested in them. None of them would be caught dead in Cho's boutique—imagine the scandal, buying sex toys with the unwashed masses!—but Cho and her client make sure that what goes on in her mansion stays there, so they whip out the credit cards. To tell the truth, most of 'em could buy everything Cho brings to one of these things and never bat an eye, but I think the first ladies of Atlanta like the naughty thrill of seeing the product being modeled first-hand."  
  
The Slut urged Gwen to say yes. "I'd be wearing clothes, right?"  
  
Liz smiled. "If you want. Same kind of things you were trying on at her shop that day we were there. Does that count?"  
  
"Barely."  
  
Natalie twitched but her eyes remained squeezed shut. Liz glanced at her, then back to Gwen. "So whattya say? Wanna swish that cute little ass for some of Atlanta's Southern Belle-battleaxes?"  
  
"I...I could never do anything like that without talking to my husband first. I'd have to ask him."  
  
"Ask. It sounds like he's a pretty laid-back guy—you're very lucky. My ex turned out to be a very uptight and controlling asshole, which is why he's my ex. Just let Natalie know as soon as he says yes. I'll tell Cho to expect you."  
  
Gwen was about to gently remind her that Tim saying yes should not be assumed but was interrupted by Natalie's body stiffening as she carefully laid the phone down and gripped the edge of the table. Her mouth formed an 'O" but she managed to stifle any sound and finally shivered and slumped forward as she wearily stabbed a finger at the phone.  
  
Liz smiled. "I'll tell Cho you approve."  
  
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Gwen's only thought after she left the restaurant was to get home and relieve the urges that lunch had awoken, her finger idly tracing lines over the fabric covering her labial lips as she drove. There was no doubt that she would be going directly to the bedroom, messages and paperwork be damned.  
  
Her plan changed as she pulled up the driveway. A truck was parked in front of the shop—Tim's truck. Gwen tried not to hurry as her vehicle rolled to a stop and she hopped out in search of him.  
  
"Hey, you're back!" he called from her office upstairs as she went in through the side door. She hurried up to find him scribbling on a piece of paper on her desk. "Playin' errand boy," he explained as he wrote. "Cliff asked me to swing by and pick up a couple of relief valves to bring over to him." He didn't feel the need to add that he had happily gone out of his way in the hope that Gwen might have beaten him home and brought Natalie-and maybe Liz, too!—along with her. "Didya have fun?"  
  
"I did," she replied distractedly, slipping off her shoes. "Does Cliff need those valves right away?"  
  
"I don't think so—they've got plenty of other stuff to do, why?"  
  
Gwen hesitated, unsure how to politely demand to be serviced. "I, uhh, was, uhh, I need you."  
  
Tim's attention had been elsewhere, rechecking his note. "Sure—what do you need me to do?"  
  
"No, you. I need...you," she repeated softly, stepping close to him and looking up in the hopes he would understand.  
  
Tim looked down, her intentions now very clear. "Oh, uh, that. Now?" He caught his poor choice of words and hurried to correct any false impressions that he might be unwilling to have her any time or any place. "I mean, I smell pretty bad right now. But after I get home tonight and take a shower, I'm all yours!"

"You smell like you've been working hard," she said as she unbuttoned her blouse. "Hard work is very attractive."  
  
Tim watched as she revealed her body to him. "Here? What if somebody comes in?"  
  
"We'll hear them." She was naked now, and stepped past him sit on the edge of the couch, knees parted slightly to hint of more.  
  
"Yeah, I guess we will." He hurried to catch up with her state of undress, and Gwen smiled as in his rush he nearly tripped himself trying to extricate his leg from his pants and underwear.  
  
She was pleased to see his member already rising to the challenge, not yet hard but definitely showing interest. "Let me help you get ready," she said, reaching for his hips and opening her legs wider to bring him between them. He shuffled forward and she bent slightly to meet his advance. Gwen kissed the top of his awakening staff, his drying sweat making it cool to her lips' touch, feeling the unique texture of the velvety skin covering its spongy head. He did smell, an almost-overwhelming aroma of sweat and male musk with hints of a mustiness from working in damp environments and the tangy burn of copper cut with an acetylene torch. It did not repulse her; it was the very familiar and unique scent of the man she had loved for so many years, and that made him even more desirable at the moment. She engulfed him as deeply as she could, his pubic hair tickling her nose while her tongue encouraged him to grow. She worked her husband, sliding her lips up and down and then withdrawing to use her tongue along the length, tasting the pungent salt of his sweat as she re-moistened the balls and that had only just dried from their recent exposure.  
  
"Ready?" She finally asked, giving him a single stroke as she pulled away.  
  
"I think I can manage. You ready?"  
  
"Ready," she pronounced, lying back with her head on the armrest and a leg hooked over the top of the couch, opening herself wide, the invitation very clear.  
  
"Damn, I love it when you do that." Tim groaned contentedly as he positioned and inserted himself to the hilt in one smooth stroke. Gwen's legs instinctively curled around his back to capture him, locking him in as she ground her clit into his pubic bone. His scent was more balanced now than when her nose had been buried in his crotch; the male musk was slightly less pungent, the sweat from his chest and under his arms more pronounced, and his hair held more of the mustiness and acrid burn she had detected before. The scent was both comforting and arousing; it was the instantly identifiable and unmistakable smell of the man who had loved her unconditionally and provided for her unfailingly all these long years, and now it had become the smell of the man who always fucked her so well and satiated her wild lust. She wanted that scent on her as a reminder after he had satisfied himself in her and left to go on with his day.  
  
"What got you all hot and bothered?" Tim murmured in her ear as he settled into an easy rhythm.  
  
Gwen gasped out a confession as her hands and legs worked to position his body to excite every single nerve ending. "Natalie tried out a vibrator at lunch, and she told us about a guy she saw on the beach, and they asked me to be a model at a show."  
  
"Sounds like a hell of a lunch," he said with a chuckle. "You know you're going to have to tell me about all of that, right?"  
  
"I will," she moaned, "I—" Gwen cut her sentence short as she slammed her pelvis up into the body on top of her while her sensibly-short fingernails dug into the ass they were grasping. Tim accommodated her by pushing deeply while she shuddered through an intense orgasm.  
  
"So, tell me about lunch," he grumbled softly after she had recovered.  
  
"Are you close?"  
  
"Not too long now..."  
  
"I'll tell you tonight then, I promise. That way we can take our time and I can tell them correctly. But for now, when you're ready, I want you to take it out and finish on me, alright? I want to see it."  
  
Tim raised himself up and smiled down at her as his thrusts picked up intensity. "Glad to." He looked down between their bodies, watching his cock disappear into her then withdraw, wet with her juices. Her breasts wobbled in time to his forceful thrusts, and he mused that if Gwen's wobbled, Yvette's bigger pair would probably bounce and jump like crazy when she was being pounded. Gwen's were better, though, he quickly decided, because those were his to jiggle. And to mark...  
  
The idea of her lying beneath him while he covered her tits with his come was more than enough to drive him over the edge, and he withdrew from her pussy with a grunt. Tim kneeled and straightened while his hand captured his cock as it sprung free, stroking hard for a few seconds before his fist pushed against the base. Gwen watched in fascination as he arched his back in an effort to get a little more distance while the first spurt erupted from his tip and landed with a wet splat below her breasts. He squeezed out six more pulses before announcing the last dribble with a shudder and a long groan. Tim grinned as he playfully wiped the head in her thatch, and she studied the trails of pearl-white sperm marking a trail down her stomach.  
  
He surveyed the mess he had made as well, a little disappointed his best effort had fallen short of his intended target. Maybe next time he would hold out long enough to move a little further up her body. "Let me get you some tissues."  
  
"No, that's alright." More of him for me, Gwen thought, and her fingers scooped up dollops of the remains and brought them up to gently rub it into her breasts.  
  
"Keep doing that and I'll give you some more."  
  
She smiled and retrieved another strand farther down her stomach. "You can add as much as you want later, after you get home. But you have to promise me that you'll be home in time. Otherwise, I might have to tell my stories to whoever's here."  
  
"Don't do that," Tim said with a laugh as he stood. "You'd probably scare the crap out of Andrew, and Mike would get the story wrong and tell everyone you were modeling a vibrator on the beach."  
  
Gwen concentrated on rubbing the last of his orgasm into her skin. "Then I guess it would be better for everybody if you weren't late."  
  
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Tim was home in time that night and so was the only one to hear his wife's recounting of lunch. He was only mildly surprised by Natalie's daring both in the booth and the beach, and he found Gwen's attempts to downplay her excitement over the help her sister-in-law had given her voyeur interesting. "You saw the same thing last fall, remember?" he reminded Gwen as they lay naked in their bed.  
  
"Yes, but I wasn't Bob's inspiration," she reminded her husband, but something about the way she said it made him wonder just a little bit what she would have done if she had been. Perhaps it was her request for permission to model that made more brazen displays even remotely possible, the idea that she was prepared for and even perhaps looking forward to showing more of herself to complete strangers. In the end, Liz was correct and he gladly gave his consent for her trip to Atlanta. Their lovemaking that night was unhurried and passionate, Tim imagining what it would be like to be in the audience as Gwen modeled.  
  
Cricket arrived late Saturday afternoon, taking an early break from her studies after Gwen insisted she needed a decent home-cooked meal. The women opened a bottle of wine as they prepared dinner together, and another was opened before they all made their way up to the hot tub at dusk. Tim was careful to be more discrete when checking out the young woman in her tight one piece as they climbed the hillock, but the way the water had molded it to her skin made that most difficult after they had gotten out.  
  
They gathered around the table after returning to the house, the water, food, beer and wine relaxing them enough to turn their thoughts towards bed. Gwen had not bothered to re-dress after shucking the cold, wet suit from her body, the slightly-inebriated slut convincing her to just throw on a robe since both her husband and Cricket had seen everything already, and Tim would probably just want her naked once they got back to the bedroom anyways.  
  
Both her husband and Cricket had changed into shorts and a t-shirt, both fully intending to lose them later in the privacy of their rooms. Tim watched the young woman's breasts bounce a bit more than normal under the light fabric, and he was certain she had not bothered with a bra. He wondered if she had neglected panties as well...  
  
"I'll take care of the horses tonight," Tim said with a smile as he rose from the table. Gwen and Cricket happily accepted his offer, insistent on finishing the bottle of wine they had opened; neither wanted it to go to waste.  
  
"Tell Marvin night-night and I'll see him in the morning," Cricket told him, a contented smile on her face.  
  
He gave the young woman a wry smile back. "I'm sure he'll be disappointed that it's just me."  
  
Cricket looked at her friend as the door closed. "You're so lucky. He's a really, really good man."  
  
"I am and he is."  
  
The young woman looked back at the door one more time, then at Gwen. "I'm glad I didn't—I haven't-come between you two. It sounds like things are still good with you and him in there?" She jerked her head towards the bedrooms and took another sip of wine.  
  
"I'm not sure what you mean?"  
  
"He sounds like he...really enjoys himself in there...with you."  
  
Gwen's eyes widened in shock. "You can hear us?"  
  
"Sometimes when I stay over...when I come out to use the bathroom or get a drink of water...I hear Tim, mostly." she shrugged helplessly.  
  
Gwen blushed furiously. "Oh my God, Cricket, I'm sorry! And so embarrassed—I didn't realize we were making that much noise!"  
  
The young woman chose not to confess that she had worked hard to hear what she had, standing outside their door, listening intently, risking discovery. "Don't be sorry! You're not that loud—I can't make out what you're saying, just that you two are talking back and forth and it sounds really, really sexy, whatever you're saying. He sounds like he takes really good care of you." It had not escaped her attention that he was particularly "energetic" after she and Gwen had been together, and that he enjoyed describing in detail how he would pleasure his wife while her young friend looked on. Cricket was only a little ashamed to have borrowed that fantasy as one of her own.  
  
Gwen quickly took a swig of wine. "Well, I'm so sorry and so embarrassed you heard anything at all!"  
  
"Don't be sorry," Cricket repeated. "And don't be embarrassed. I see how you two are around each other, how you look at each other. You two are crazy stupid in love. It's really nice to hear that it's like that in bed for you, too. And it makes me feel a lot better to know that what we do together doesn't seem to have affected that, you know what I mean? Tim sounds so manly when he's going at it, like he's really enjoying being with you. That's the kind of guy I'd love to have some day—someone masculine, someone who thinks I'm attractive and wants to make sure I'm taken care of. Daniel was always so quiet, and he didn't care if I was, you know, ready for him or not...good thing he was pretty small. And when I tried to get ready for him, you know, make things a little more slippery, he thought I was a slut for trying to enjoy myself. He'd just take off his pajamas, get on me, and the only thing I'd hear is him wheezing when he got close. Then he'd roll off, get dressed again and go to sleep. It made him so mad that I was on the pill and the only thing he wanted out of sex he couldn't have. I felt like he was only doing it because he couldn't resist his urges any more and I was the only hole available. I guess once he found his girlfriend, he didn't even need me for that anymore...I don't think he ever found me attractive." The young woman's eyes filled with tears at the thought.  
  
Gwen rose, went to the sniffling woman's side and hugged her. "You're beautiful both inside and out. Don't ever think otherwise. And some day, you'll meet a very lucky man and you two will make the same stupid faces at each other and the same embarrassing noises and you will be very, very happy."  
  
"Fat chance of that. At least you don't seem disgusted by me when we do it, so thank you for that."  
  
"Will you stop that! There's nothing to be disgusted about! You're a smart, beautiful, sexy young woman who I enjoy spending time with doing a variety of things." Gwen returned to her chair and leaned forward, her hand still on the young woman's arm. "And I promise, Tim and I will keep it down from now on. We're grown-ups, we may not be able to stop making stupid faces at each other but we can control ourselves in the bedroom; we've got a lot of time to make noise when we're the only ones here."  
  
"Please don't do that," Cricket hurriedly replied. "I told you, I'm always worried about being in the way when I'm here, and if you have to change your ways in your own house, then I'm going to stop coming over." She hesitated, knowing the alcohol was making her bolder, perhaps too bold. "Besides, like I said, I like hearing you. It...relaxes me."  
  
"Relaxes you? How?"  
  
Cricket gulped the last of her wine, rose, and took her glass to the sink. "I shouldn't be telling you this, but...I find excuses to go out in the hall after you've gone to bed, and if I hear you, I, umm, take care of myself after, if you know what I mean. The last few times I stayed over, I brought my toys with me. Pretty sick, huh?"  
  
Gwen did her best to hide her shock. "Not at all. If it helps you...relax...then I'm all for it." She got up as well and joined the young woman at the sink. "Did you bring them this time?"  
  
Cricket looked down at her glass and nodded. "Uh-huh. Why?"  
  
"I was going to let you borrow mine if you hadn't." Gwen kissed her cheek. "Go to bed. I'm going to wait for Tim." The young woman smiled, returned the kiss with one of her own on the older woman's lips, and headed down the hallway.  
  
Gwen stood there, leaning against the sink, waiting for her husband, thinking. It was ten minutes before there was the sound of boots on the deck and Tim stomped in, looking up after he had kicked his shoes off on the mat. His wife looked back at him thoughtfully. "What?"  
  
"Nothing," Gwen said with a hint of a smile. "Just making stupid faces and that I love you."  
  
"Your face is beautiful, just like the rest of you, and I love you too. Bed?"  
  
She reached over and switched off the kitchen light. "Bed." Tim let her lead the way down the hall, a little surprised to see her walk most of the way nude after untying robe and letting it slide from her body as she left the kitchen. Well, Cricket's seen her naked anyways, he chuckled to himself as he stepped over the discarded garment and focused on his wife's swinging ass, never noticing as he passed that the young woman's bedroom door had been left open a couple of inches. Gwen had noticed though, and smiled to herself. Tim followed her into the bedroom, closing their own door behind him before getting down to bare skin and joining his wife on the bed.  
  
She popped up as he lay down, and Tim watched the naked woman hurry across the room and reopen the door enough for a body to squeeze through. He scrambled to flip the blankets over himself while she rejoined him.  
  
"Wha—"  
  
"Cricket can hear us when we have sex," she explained matter-of-factly. Despite her revelation, Gwen made no effort to lower her voice or cover herself.  
  
"Shit! It was me, wasn't it? Sorry! I'll keep it down, but I don't...?" Tim gestured to the open door, his confusion complete and apparent.  
  
"She says she likes hearing us," Gwen replied calmly, not going into the details, "and that it makes her happy to hear how well you take care of me. We're all adults and she knows what married people do, so if you're alright with it, I'm sure she's alright with it. Are you alright with it?" She emphasized her point by gently tugging at the blanket covering his midsection.  
  
"It looks like you're okay with it?"  
  
"If you are...so, would you like to take care of me?" He allowed the cover to be pulled back, revealing his fresh erection. "She thinks you sound very masculine. I think so, too." Gwen bent and lightly kissed his shaft. "Is this for me? It's beautiful."  
  
"Uhh, thanks. Just for you." That was a fucking stupid thing to say! Of course it was for her! Who else would he offer it to? It had been fun to push the boundaries and talk it up when it had just been him and Gwen and an imagined audience; now their young guest might really be listening in, and a sort of performance anxiety began to make itself felt. Relax, you idiot, he told himself, just act naturally, at least as naturally as you can with a pair of lips on your cock. He could feel her tongue dragging up the length from his balls to the tip, through the first drop already beginning to form and groaned. "I like how you do that," he finally offered as Gwen began to bob on his shaft. She hummed her thanks with a full mouth.  
  
Gwen took it out and continued to gently stroke him. "I love how big it gets for me," she said quietly pausing to admire it.  
  
"Looking at you naked does the trick pretty well." And hearing you, he thought. She was much more vocal than normal, and he was absolutely sure that was intentional. He gently pushed her on to her back and began to kiss his way down her body. "Need to spend some time with these breasts," he said, teasing a nipple. Breasts seemed like a safe thing to call them. Tits might sound nasty to Cricket, and boobs somehow sounded a little middle-schoolish. Gwen sighed in contentment, blissfully unaware of her husband's internal debate. His hand gently pushed its way between her legs to cup her mound, and she moaned in appreciation.  
  
His kisses continued on down her flat stomach to the little patch of hair that marked the gateway to his destination. Tim felt he had to say something—he couldn't let Gwen couldn't out-talk him during sex—but hesitated, again searching for the right word and phrase. He cycled through the choices, discarding some as too cute, some too clinical, even considering the C word before deciding Cricket would probably find that particularly offensive. "I want to lick your pussy," he finally declared.  
  
"Yes, please!" Gwen replied, spreading herself wider as his tongue began to push down into her cleft. She was already wet, very wet; and he relished that now-familiar mild taste of her juices. A hand reached between Tim's legs and fondled his dangling balls and shaft.  
  
"Tim?"  
  
He stopped mid-lick. "Hmm?"  
  
"Lie on your back. I want to ride you."  
  
He rolled over and awaited her. "Cowgirl up."  
  
She was quickly astride his hips, reaching behind to lever his shaft into position before impaling herself with a sigh. "Ahh, so nice." Gwen found the magic spot where her clit was pressed firmly against his pubic bone and began to gently rock her hips. "So nice," she repeated as she fell forward, halting just above him on outstretched arms. "You fit in me so nicely."  
  
Tim's hands instinctively went to her dangling tits, palming them, playing with them, amusing himself by making the pert mounds wiggle. "Oh yes, I like that..." Gwen bit her lip and her contorted features told the man beneath her that she was very happy in this saddle, too.  
  
His hands travelled her body as Gwen rode, her breasts free to shake from her exertion when his attention was elsewhere, a steady cadence of little squeaks and gasps escaping from her parted lips. To Tim, they sounded like screams of pleasure after all these years of silence. Her hips steadily ground into the hardness beneath her clit, her eyes screwed shut from the intense sensations.  
  
"Oh-oh-oh-oh," she chanted as her orgasm drew near, working her sex against him. "I'm—I'm—I'm—" Gwen did not finish the thought, collapsing forward on to her husband's chest as he hugged her to him. Tim thrust deeply into her three times for good measure before holding still and feeling her contractions pulse around his cock. "Oh, that's nice," she breathed as her senses returned. "So nice." She allowed herself to be held for some time, draped limply on him as he lazily pistoned in and out of her.

Gwen finally raised her head and looked down at the man beneath her. "Your turn. What can I do to make you happy?"  
  
"You have been since we met. But right now, well..."  
  
"Anything my husband wants, he can have."  
  
Tim smiled. "On your hands and knees." She dislodged him from between her legs and was quickly on all fours facing the partially open door.  
  
Tim smiled at her choice of view and moved behind to admire the one her ass and pussy presented. "Shit, I could look at that all day. Can you put me in?" Gwen supported herself on one outstretched arm while the other hand reached behind to find his straining cock and line it up. With a grunt, he returned it to her sex. "Your pussy is so tight..." He said it clearly, but not too loud...didn't want to make it sound like he was putting on a show...  
  
"You can use it however you want...fuck my pussy." Gwen's use of that word triggered a powerful thrust from the man in her and skin slapped against skin. She could feel his sac swing forward and lightly tap her sex. "Oh yes, like that." His tempo and force increased, the slaps becoming louder and Gwen gasped with each thrust, maybe just a little bit louder than necessary, Tim thought with a half-smile.  
  
"I'm gonna come in you," he finally grumbled after deciding it was not too obscene for their guest to hear.  
  
"Come in me," Gwen encouraged him, obviously agreeing. "Come in my cunt."  
  
The most forbidden of words set him off. "I'm gonna fill up your tight little cunt, I'm gonna--aghh—aghh-AGGH!" With one last thrust he fulfilled his promise. Tim held her tightly to him until the last wave of release had passed, his breathing quickly returning to normal. He withdrew and looked down with satisfaction at the hint of what he had deposited in her as little droplets of it glistened around her opening.  
  
Gwen held the pose for him, letting him look, then sank forward, lying facing down on the bed while Tim took the opportunity to lightly kiss her asscheeks. "Too much wine tonight," she said, finally rolling to her side and off the bed. "I should drink some water so I don't dehydrate. Would you like anything?"  
  
Tim shook his head no, a bemused smile on his face. She kissed him, opened the door wide and headed down the hallway. He kneeled there on the bed, watching the naked woman go, aware that if Cricket were to come out of her room now she would get an eyeful no matter which way she turned.  
  
Gwen knew that too, feeling very exposed as she made her way down the hall, smiling again as she saw the young woman's door was open wider than it had been before with a soft buzzing coming from the other side She knew it from experience as the sound of a Magic Wand being pressed firmly into soft flesh. The Slut suggested it might be nice to go help her friend; the Lady reminded her that the husband she had just rutted with was only a few feet away. She continued on to the kitchen.  
  
She stayed there longer than necessary, downing a couple of glasses of water, ignoring the Lady's pleas to return to safety while the Slut held out hope Cricket might come out to get a drink as well after she finished relaxing. Gwen grew chilly and finally returned to her husband, the guest room now quiet as she passed. She left the bedroom door half-open as she warmed herself under the covers, wrapped about Tim's nude form.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 03**

Cricket heard the couple's soft footsteps in the hallway before the light spilling through her cracked door was extinguished. She delayed a few moments before getting up, not wanting to be caught out in the hall wearing nothing more than a short t-shirt should her hosts remember they had forgotten some chore before bed. She didn't wait too long, though; the young woman hoped Gwen's inquiry as to the status of her toys had been a hint of things to come and didn't want to be late.  
  
She stepped into the hall and quickly recoiled. The soft glow of a bedside lamp shone through the partially open master bedroom door to her left, open enough that she feared her impatience had led to her discovery. Her heart thumped wildly as she retreated back into her darkened room and cowered, waiting for the light and footsteps. The hall remained dark and there was only the sound of indistinct voices. Her adrenaline subsided and she risked another peek, deciding that their door was still closed enough so that she could not be seen from their bed. Cricket considered staying right where she was, but being closer meant the sounds of sex would be all that much clearer. She crept to within a couple feet of the partially open door, holding her breath to avoid giving away her approach, thankful for the lack of creaking floorboards.  
  
Cricket clearly heard Gwen's admiration for her husband's size, and she wondered just how big that might be. Tim was broad-shouldered but not overly tall; did a man's height and weight relate to what swung between his legs? Cricket had no real experience with anything like that; the only one she had gotten to examine at length had belonged to the boy who had passed out in her bed at college, and even after using a finger to tentatively stroke it that one had remained soft and shriveled, like a frightened little animal. While interesting, had not been at all awe-inspiring. The others had just stuck theirs in without much of a show, probably worried she would change her mind and deny them access if they delayed. As for Daniel, well, he had seemed rather small, but without anything other than her dildo to compare his penis to, maybe that was just how she wished to remember him.  
  
Tim's not the loud one tonight, Cricket thought as she tried to control her breathing while her hand snaked up and under her shirt, it was the normally reserved Gwen. Louder than she could remember, even when they were together. Like she wanted to be heard... the open door was likely no accident.  
  
The masturbating woman smiled at Tim's call of "cowgirl up"; having a pretty good idea as to what position he was inviting his wife to put herself in. She imagined his erection standing up straight like a pink-tipped fencepost and the older woman swinging her toned leg over his hips like she was getting into the saddle. Of course, no saddle she was aware of had a spike to impale yourself on...although it might be an interesting aid to balance, control and posture, she mused.  
  
Cricket's hands and fingers worked without prompting as she listened to her friend ride the mount beneath her, thrilled by the sound of her orgasm and happy for her friend that Tim had made sure she had been well satisfied before directing Gwen onto her hands and knees for his own needs. Cricket had no problem envisioning that position either, Tim tucked up behind and in his wife in that most primal of all sexual positions. She had seen stallions take mares that way and decided that males in rut were the same no matter the species, and she listened to the sound of skin slapping against skin while Gwen encouraged him to "use her pussy." So that's what she called it. The young woman's own sex had first been a flower and then a kitten when growing up, cute words to disguise its ugliness. In adulthood and then in marriage it had become her vulva—clinical and unattractive, a more fitting description.  
  
Even Tim's announcement of his imminent orgasm was not unlike a stallion's rumble before his moment of release, she thought with a smile. Gwen's response stunned her. A cunt! She had called it a cunt! Cricket had been called a cunt before, at the riding academy by jealous girls with more money and less talent, and more recently by Daniel when she told him about her lawyer. It was a cruel and vile word, meant to demean and belittle. But that wasn't the way Gwen had used it. Her friend had made it sound like sexuality in its rawest form, powerful and mysterious and confident, and she sensed in Tim's repetition a certain respect, reverence (and perhaps shared ownership) for that most magical part of his wife's body. Cunt. Others had used it to show their complete lack of respect for her; but Cricket knew it would be her name for it too, for that mysterious spot between her legs with unlimited potential for pleasure and power.  
  
Cricket hurried to her bed as soon as Tim signaled with a last loud grunt that he had finished filling Gwen with his seed, to her waiting dildo and vibrator. She imagined pushing through the partially open door and openly playing with herself as she watched the couple make love, pausing her own drive for orgasm to help speed her friend to climax even as Tim continued to fuck her. And then she was presenting her naked body to a man like Tim—not him, though, even in fantasy she could not imagine her best friend sharing something as precious as her husband. The Magic Wand buzzed madly and the cock inside her was not rubber but instead belonged to the man she was graciously offering the use of her cunt to. Cricket came, dimly aware that she might be overheard, not caring if she was. The waves subsided, her senses returned, and she managed to let the faux penis slip from her before the wine and post-orgasmic bliss sent her off to sleep.  
  
She awoke the next morning, her still-open door letting in the sound of breakfast being prepared. Tim had passed that open door an hour before, resisting the urge to take a quick peek inside, fearing that he would have some explaining to do if either the young woman was awake or Gwen chose that time to come down the hallway.  
  
Cricket dressed quickly, upset with herself for sleeping in while the barn chores had likely been done in her absence. She hurried into the kitchen where Gwen was finishing a skillet of scrambled eggs. "Good morning."  
  
The older woman looked up from the pan and gave a quick smile. "Good morning. I, uhh, made you some eggs, hope that's alright."  
  
"That's wonderful, thank you, but I really should be doing that for you. And chores. Although I'm guessing they're done, too. I'm really sorry I slept in."  
  
"It's alright. You needed it. You've been working and studying very hard."  
  
"Where's Tim?"  
  
"Fishing with a friend. Should be back this afternoon."  
  
Cricket could see her friend seemed vaguely uncomfortable, avoiding eye contact. She said nothing and the awkward silence drover her towards panic. Had her confession last night been way out of line? (of course it had!) Maybe she had been discovered standing in the hall, or had been heard pleasuring herself after their lovemaking?  
  
"I, uhh, want to apologize, for last night," Gwen finally began, furiously scraping the now-empty skillet. "I had too much to drink...I guess you heard us...it wasn't right for us—for me to do that. Please forgive me."  
  
"I had too much to drink, too," Cricket offered, strangely relieved to hear remorse and not anger in her friend's voice. She moved beside her and reached for a coffee cup. "I should be the one apologizing—I'm such a pervert. I'm sorry, but what I said last night I still mean. I like hearing you and Tim. It makes me happy. In more ways than one."  
  
"Then I guess we're all perverted," Gwen said, finally smiling, "It just seemed so unfair, teasing you like that."  
  
"It wasn't teasing. Like I said, it makes me feel a lot better to know that you and Tim are still good together. Besides, it helps me imagine what it might be like for me some day, if I get really, really lucky. Did you leave your door open on purpose last night?"  
  
Gwen nodded. "Sorry."  
  
"Then thank you. I'm really flattered that you trust me enough to share such an intimate moment with me. You know I left my own open on purpose so I could hear better, right?"  
  
"I was wondering." The older woman eyed her doubtfully. "Are you sure you didn't mind? It just seemed like a rude thing to do."  
  
"I think it's a very kind thing to do," Cricket replied. "You two go at it all you want. It's nice to hear it can still be fun and exciting after being married such a long time. So, are we riding today?"  
  
"Uh-uh, as soon as you finish eating and I make lunches for us to take. I thought we'd be out a while. The rain they're calling for isn't supposed to come in until tonight."  
  
"Marvin'll be happy about that. I can tell he's really getting in to this new lifestyle."  
  
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It was nearly 2pm when they returned, the last couple of miles covered at a quick pace as the rain arrived early and thoroughly soaked horses and riders. Their mounts were meticulously dried and groomed before the women turned their attention to their own needs.  
  
"I'm not going to sit in the hot tub in this downpour," Gwen said as they hurried to the house. "I guess a shower will have to do."  
  
"Tim's going to be home soon, right?" Cricket asked as they stomped into the kitchen.  
  
"Yes, I think so, why?"  
  
"Just wondering if we had time to share the shower. I'll use the one in my bathroom, then."  
  
"Use ours. You go first. I can wait."  
  
Cricket smiled and headed down the hallway while her host checked phone messages. Gwen could hear the running water when she came back to the bedroom and stripped down, waiting for her turn. She could imagine the young woman's toned and glistening body under the spray. Maybe there might be time to join Cricket...  
  
She heard the sound of truck and trailer crunching across gravel and dismissed the thought. Guess not. The naked woman briefly considered throwing on at least a t-shirt to greet her husband in, but decided it wasn't worth the bother. Gwen got to the kitchen in time to see Tim sprinting across the yard to the deck.  
  
"Started raining at the lake about 10," he announced as he hurried through the door before seeing his wife and trailing off. "I saw Cricket's car, I, uhh, didn't interrupt anything, did I?"  
  
"She's in the shower," Gwen said as she kissed him. "I was going to get in after she finished, but you look like you should be next. You're soaked."  
  
"I'm not too bad," Tim lied. "I dried off some in the truck on the way home. Did you two just, uhh, get home?"  
  
"Not too long ago," Gwen explained, knowing what he was really asking. "We groomed the horses and then I sent her in to clean up and warm up."  
  
Tim smiled and eyed the nude body in front of him. "I guess you're already warm?"  
  
"Warm enough. I'll go see how long she's going to be so you can hop in after she's done."  
  
"No hurry," he said as he followed her down the hall. "You take it after. I'll just use the girl's bathroom."  
  
Gwen almost collided with the figure hurrying from the master bedroom, the young woman nearly losing the towel wrapped about her as she was stopped short. Cricket saw a naked Gwen in front of her but focused on the still-clothed Tim and instinctively grabbed at the towel to keep it from falling off her chest. She was mostly successful, one edge drooping far enough to expose the top of her areola before she pulled the fabric back into place. Tim gave himself a mental high-five for catching a glimpse the little pink half-moon.  
  
"Tim's back," Gwen announced.  
  
"Uhh, thanks, I see," Cricket squeaked as she instinctively retreated back into the bedroom to check on the placement of her towel. "Hi Tim!"  
  
"H'lo Cricket," he rumbled. "Gwen, shower's free," he continued as he turned into his daughters' old bathroom.  
  
The young woman smiled apologetically once Gwen joined her. "Sorry, I didn't know he was home! But compared to you, I feel a little overdressed," she said with a smile, eying Gwen.  
  
"I was just getting ready to get in with you when he came home."  
  
"With me?"  
  
"It's a big shower. I thought we might have time."  
  
"That would have been an even bigger surprise for all of us if he had caught us in there together! Speaking of big showers, don't you two want to use it together now that he's home? I can, umm, wait in the kitchen for you."  
  
"Too late now. It sounds like he's already in that one." She stepped past the young woman. "I'll be out in a bit."  
  
Cricket headed for own room. Might as well get dressed and head back home for a little more studying before work tomorrow, she decided. No sense in delaying it any longer. The apartment held no comfort for her and she again wished she could stay here with her friends and her horse. But she knew they had their own life to live and she had to make the best of what she had. The young woman stopped outside of her room and let the towel drop.  
  
Gwen hurried back around the corner, still nude, clutching a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. "Whoops!" she cried, catching sight of the naked young woman. "Sorry, I was just taking something in for Tim to wear once he gets out." She smiled. "Although it does seem like the hallway is the place to be if you'd rather not wear anything." Gwen didn't wait for her friend to cover herself as she opened the bathroom door, only the shower curtain between her husband and Cricket. Clothes delivered, Gwen gave the young woman another smile after shutting the door and hurried back to her own shower.  
  
The previous night's activities and the afternoon's shower arrangements were not discussed when they all gathered in the kitchen to say their goodbyes. The subjects were very much on Tim's mind though, and he pulled Gwen into the bedroom to satisfy the urge that had been building ever since he found the two women—one naked, the other nearly so, in the house. His cock had stiffened as he stood under the hot spray, the thought of what he might have found if he had arrived just a few moments later. He resisted the urge to stroke it in the hopes Gwen might be available to take care of it later, a task was happy to perform, telling him how Cricket had listened in to and enjoyed their performance the night before. Tim promised an even greater effort next time. She lay under his arm for some time after satisfying him, neither in any hurry to give up the warmth and comfort they found in each other that rainy afternoon.  
  
"Oh, Bob and Yvette want to have dinner with us sometime," Tim grumbled as he held her.  
  
Gwen hesitated, not looking up at him. "Really? Did you want to?"  
  
"Sure, why not? They seem like nice folk. We thought we could meet somewhere between here and the lake."  
  
"If you want," Gwen replied noncommittally. "Just remember that I'm away next Saturday."  
  
"How could I forget," Tim said as he hugged her to him. "My wife the lingerie model. I done died and gone to heaven." She hugged him back and lay there thinking, thankful that he was not opposed to her little adventure. It all sounded so dangerous and wrong, and the Slut could not wait.  
  
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"Oh—don't let me forget—I've got your contract for you."  
  
Gwen turned to look at Natalie as the pair slowly climbed the trail that Friday afternoon, both topless in the heat of the day. She had been thankful for the break the ride provided, happy to spend time with a friend. "What contract?"  
  
"For modeling. Standard two-pager. Adam looked mine over the first time I did one of her shows, said it's very standard, you should be fine."  
  
"I didn't know I had to sign a contract."  
  
"Well, yeah, I mean, you're getting paid, so..."  
  
"I am? How much?"  
  
Natalie laughed. "Two hundred dollars and mileage, plus one percent of any sales made at the party. I keep forgetting Liz didn't tell you a lot about this—sorry, but I was a little distracted at the time. To tell you the truth, I was a little surprised you said yes so fast. I thought you'd want to know all about it and think for a while."  
  
"I should have thought about it? About what? What do I need to know? I'm just modeling lingerie, right?" The Lady angrily wagged her finger disapprovingly. Just modeling lingerie. That would have been unthinkable before the fall from decency.  
  
"If that's all you want to do, sure, Cho and Dorothy don't make you wear or do anything you don't want to wear or do. Liz and me and the other models though, we do some product demonstrations, too."  
  
"Other models? Product demonstrations?"  
  
"Yeah, there's two others besides us, and we show how some of the stuff works."  
  
"Like what stuff?"  
  
"You know, vibrators, dildos, restraints, that kind of thing..."  
  
Gwen was now truly concerned, so much so that the tone of her voice made Dart jump a little. "You use them in front of strangers? Natalie, what have I gotten myself into?"  
  
"Relax, it's fun and you'll be fine. You don't want to do any product demos, you'll just be pulling more duty as a clothes horse." Natalie patted Tigger's flank. "No offense intended. I thought that was all I was gonna do my first time and ended up demonstrating a couple of vibes and a ball gag. It's fun see what kind of reaction you get from the guests."  
  
"I don't know about this, Natalie. I really should have asked more questions before I said yes."  
  
"You'll be fine."  
  
"Yes, but—"  
  
"You'll be fine."  
  
Gwen spent the next twenty minutes asking questions about the event and the other models, getting only vague answers and reassurances in response. She eventually lapsed into a worried silence before another topic pushed its way to the front of the concerns line.  
  
"Natalie?"  
  
The blonde gently rocked in her saddle as her horse picked its way through a rough spot on the path. "Hmm?"  
  
"You said in college you and your roommates were pretty open, right? You used to do it in front of each other?"  
  
She smiled. "If by it you mean sex, then yeah. Four horny college-age women with horny boyfriends, two bedrooms, pretty much unavoidable. In front of, with, so yeah, you could say we were pretty open."  
  
"But that all stopped after college, right?"  
  
Natalie continued to smile. "Not exactly. It can be a pretty big turn-on to hear and be heard and watch and be watched. Adam and I have no problem being spectators and performers. It's a pretty regular thing when we go on vacation with Bill and Nancy."  
  
"Really? And nobody gets embarrassed or jealous?"  
  
Natalie shrugged. "We all go to the nude beach together, so it's not like we don't know what we all look like. Also, we stay in adjoining bungalows with a shared porch. Beautiful location, good wine...the setting's great for it. Fun for all and something to talk about at breakfast. The boys will get competitive about it sometimes, though, and try and outdo the other, so we can end up in some pretty wild situations. Why are you asking?"  
  
"Tim and I...left our door open when Cricket was here last weekend. On purpose."

"Oh, yeah? Whose idea was that?"  
  
"Mine...she told me she could hear us from the hallway some of the other times she stayed over. Natalie, I don't know what came over me, maybe it was the wine, I don't know, but I really wanted her to hear us!"  
  
"Gwen Nelson, you wild woman! Was she freaked out by it?"  
  
"No, she said she liked it." Despite being in the middle of the forest, Gwen looked around and lowered her voice. "I could hear her using her vibrator after."  
  
"I guess she did like it then. So I guess Tim knows she could hear him too? Didn't bother him?"  
  
"No, he was a little quiet when we started, but I think he liked it too. But now I feel like we were teasing her and were perverts for doing it in the first place."  
  
"From what you're saying she didn't mind at all. The sex was toe-curling good, I'll bet. I know how turned on I get when I know someone can see or hear me getting plowed."  
  
"It did feel good," Gwen allowed, "it just doesn't seem like something normal people do."  
  
"I think you're beginning to figure out how much 'normal people' do or at least try."  
  
Despite her worries, Gwen was happy to formally open the pool for the summer after their return, a trail of clothes leading from the gate to the water's edge. "What's the schedule for next Saturday, then?" Gwen finally asked as she paddled, resigning herself to going. She had committed, and Gwen Nelson kept her promises. Besides, the other things she had done, those turned out fine, right? Until the first time they don't, the Lady ominously reminded her, and then you'll bring shame to your family and be the laughingstock of the town. The Slut merely reminded her the results had far outweighed the risks to date and maybe Natalie was right—this was maybe normal?  
  
"Pick up you up at noon, get to Cho's shop about 3, one-two hours for trying things on, then over to the palatial estate. They'll feed and water us before show time. Stay at Liz's after, then come home the next morning. Sound good?" Gwen nodded, the prospect of staying at the redhead's condo seemingly the natural thing to do on such a dangerous outing. "Cho asked me to ask you to bring a few things with you. A little black dress, some matching heels, a pair of nice riding boots and black riding gloves. I'll send you an e-mail so you don't forget."  
  
"What will I need those things for?"  
  
Natalie shrugged. "Cho asked for 'em. I'm sure she's got some ideas."  
  
"And you and Liz and the other models really do product demonstrations? What do the guests think? They must be shocked."  
  
"Listen Gwen, this is not your parents local country-club rich set we're talking about here. This is a whole 'nother level of rich and we're just poor folk to the women at this party. To them, this is the kind of scandalous entertainment that poor folk provide while they try to impress the hostess with donations to her charity. Oh, and..." the blonde made her way to the pool steps, "now might be a good time to check on your hairstyle."  
  
Gwen flinched at the mention of her parents, again trying to dismissthe worry over what they might think if they ever found out, and followed her sister-in-law up the stairs. "I need to get a haircut?"  
  
"Not up top, no, although if I had to guess she'll have you take it out of the ponytail for the night. I mean between your legs. It looks like you've been keeping up with it, but I can take care of some of the hard-to-reach spots if you want."  
  
"Oh. That matters?"  
  
"Yeah, less is more at these things. Cho doesn't like the look of her product disappearing into wild growth, and I think the partygoers prefer the sleek look too. A full bush is a sure sign of a hippie Communist."  
  
She had noted when they had undressed that what little pubic hair Natalie had sported before had disappeared completely. "I noticed you're bare now."  
  
"Yeah, Cho asked me to do it. I think Liz and the others are keeping some, and she wanted me to make sure you were at least trimmed up. Shall we go in and take care of business?" The women picked up their clothes and headed down to the house.  
  
"Scissors, razor, shaving cream and towel, please," Natalie called out at they entered the bedroom. "Then up on the bed with ya." Gwen returned with the requested materials and assumed the position after spreading the towel, not even thinking how easy it had become to spread herself to another's scrutiny. She held her breath as her sister-in-law inserted her index finger between her lips and pushed them back and forth, looking for stray hairs.  
  
"Not too bad," the blonde said distractedly as she withdrew her wet fingertip and reached for the shaving cream. Just a few strays on your taint and some stubble on either side of your pussy lips. I'll get it now, but you'll probably need another touch-up before we leave next weekend."  
  
Did Cho tell you what she wanted...it...to look like down there?"  
  
"Trimmed up, not a lot but not bare, but she might change her mind, so I'll leave more than I think she wants cuz' you won't be able to grow it back as fast as we can take it off. You really do have a beautiful pussy," Natalie murmured as she clipped at a stray hair below her opening. "So neat and orderly. Mine looks like some sort of alien Venus Flytrap, wrinkled skin hanging all over the place. And when I get turned on, I turn so many different colors down there that it looks like somebody punched me! I swear my first boyfriend got scared the first time he got a good look at it. He thought it was a lot of fun to play with until he turned the dome light in the car on and got a look at what his finger had been in. I think he was afraid that if he stuck his dick in there he wasn't going to get it back, and no way was he going to kiss it! He did man up enough to put it in, though, for all of thirty seconds. I guess men can be really brave when there's the chance they're gonna get some. If I were Cho, I'd have me grow a full bush and cover this beast up."  
  
"Adam likes it, and you said the man on the beach liked it," Gwen reminded her. "I like it. It's very feminine."  
  
"Oh, it's feminine, alright," she agreed with a laugh. "No mistaking it's where dicks go in and babies come out. Maybe it's like a dog that's so ugly it's cute," Natalie mused as she wiped away the last of the shaving cream. "And I've never heard that it's not a lot of fun to play with. Yours, though..." Natalie's tongue drew a line from her opening to her clit, then continued up. The blonde's body followed as she kissed her way up the flat stomach, heading for Gwen's breasts. Her nipple was lightly captured between a pair of soft lips as Natalie's bare mound pressed down against the lightly furred mons below. Gwen gasped an "oh" and reached to the ass between her legs, grasping at it like she did Tim's when he buried himself in her. Natalie's hips thrust and rotated, creating a delicious pressure-filled friction between the two women. Gwen could feel Natalie's nipples lightly dragging back and forth across her midsection as the woman arched her back and did a push-up to maintain the pressure between their legs while getting more serious about the delightful tits below her. Her arms grew tired and she gently lowered herself on to the body beneath her, pelvis still grinding as she kissed her sister-in-law's neck and ear.  
  
The feel of the body between Gwen's thighs was different than what she experienced with Tim; Natalie was soft and supple where her husband was rough and muscular, and it was strange to have a body on her and nothing in her. It was different, but nice, very very nice, and Natalie just seemed to know all the right moves to make her clit tingle.  
  
Gwen ground back against the body above, clutching the soft warmth to her, feeling Natalie's lips tickling her neck and ear. The sensation of clitoris-on-clitoris was maddeningly erotic and she bucked her hips to maintain the contact and bring other nearby nerve endings into play. "Oh," she gasped again as her climax began to rise, "so nice. You feel so good."  
  
"So do you," Natalie murmured from next to her ear. "I hope I'm not squishing you."  
  
"No, I love it," Gwen groaned, "I love having you on me. Like being under a warm blanket. So soft..."  
  
"I wanna hear you come," Natalie murmured as her hips pressed down even harder. "Can you do that?"  
  
Gwen, biting her lip in ecstasy, nodded. She was not long in fulfilling her sister-in-law's request. "I'm com-com-com," she chanted in time to the twitch of her mons against the hardness pressed into it. "I'm cominnnnngggg!" She clutched at the body above her, pulling it in, both of her openings spasming wildly. The grinding against her clit did not stop; and the intensity of the sensation became too much as her orgasm subsided. She grasped at the ass between her legs, trying to hold it still. "Too much," she said breathlessly, "please stop—too much!"  
  
Natalie raised herself up and grinned down at her. "Sorry, I'm close myself and I got a little carried away. I know how sensitive I get down there after I come." She rolled off and spread her legs, a finger idly circling her button. "This won't take long."  
  
Gwen rolled to her side. "Can I help?"  
  
"Sure, if you don't mind. Think you could lick my pussy? You're really good at it."  
  
"I'd be glad to." She lay between the blonde's legs, her face inches from her sex. It really was beautiful display of womanhood in bloom. The colors didn't remind her of bruising but more of a sunset, vivid on some areas of her folds, muted on others. She delicately stuck a tongue between the lush lips and drew up towards the clitoris trying to poke out from the top, gathering the collected wetness along the way.  
  
"Ohhh yessss," Natalie hissed as a tongue circled her erect button and began the return trip down her slit. Her hands needlessly went to Gwen's head to hold the instrument of her pleasure in place, and other nerves twitched as the tongue made its way back up. This time it stayed around her clit, circling, flicking. Gwen brought a hand up under her body and slid her middle finger into the soaked opening below her chin.  
  
"Two fingers," Natalie panted. Her orgasm exploded soon after she was given the requested extra digit, and she pressed Gwen's face into her pussy, grinding against the trapped tongue. Her hold on the head between her legs was not relinquished until she was satiated, happily tasting her own juices on Gwen's lips when she pulled the woman between her legs up to kiss her.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 04**

Tim waved from the open workshop bay as Natalie's SUV rumbled in to the yard a full half-hour before she was expected. He wiped his hands on a greasy rag and ambled over to greet his sister-in-law, smiling at her as she slid from the driver's seat. "I thought Gwen said noon?"  
  
"It was, but I thought I should get here a little early and take care of a couple of things. She inside?"  
  
He nodded. "Yup. Been ready to go since 7."  
  
The blonde lowered her voice. "Excited, huh?"  
  
"More like nervous, I think, although she'd never admit it. I can't believe you got her to do this, but then, hell, a lot of what she's been doing since you two got on more than speaking terms I woulda never thought she'd do, so who knows? You're a bad influence, Natalie." He smiled to make the joke a bit more obvious.  
  
She smiled back. "You're welcome."  
  
He turned serious again. "You'll watch out for her, right? Don't let her get in over her head? I'd hate her to, uhh, go backwards."  
  
"You know Gwen better than anybody. She's never let herself take risks—but now she's figuring out that letting her hair down a little sometimes can be a hell of a lot of fun despite what your tight-ass mother in law told her. I know she likes to think she's a no-nonsense tough bitch but I also think she likes it when other people take charge so she can pretend she has to go along with them to be polite. Don't worry, I'm sure she'll be fine and I'm still making sure you're going to continue to get laid on a regular basis in lots of interesting ways. But, yes, of course, I'm always looking out for her, and I like having her as one of those people I know are looking out for me. She's inside, right?"  
  
He smiled and nodded, then wandered back to the shop.  
  
She found Gwen in the kitchen, rewashing a clean glass. "You're early."  
  
Natalie smiled. "So I am. Want me to come back later?"  
  
"Don't be silly. Did you want to leave now? I'm ready."  
  
"What a surprise. Let's make sure we're all nice and cleaned up first. You probably have some 5 o'clock shadow downstairs, and it may not be convenient to take care of it once we get there."  
  
"Right now?" Her eyes strayed out the window, towards the shop.  
  
"Come on, it'll only take a minute." Natalie didn't wait for an answer as she headed for the bedroom. Gwen followed, closing the bedroom door behind her and continuing on in to the bathroom to collect supplies. When she returned Natalie was next to the door she had just re-opened, naked from the waist down.  
  
"Can you check me first?" the blonde asked as she took the towel from Gwen and laid it on the bed.  
  
"Uhh, sure," Gwen replied distractedly, her focus on the open doorway as Natalie lay back and assumed the position. "Don't you want that closed?"  
  
"Wouldn't want anyone to think we're up to something in here," she said with a grin.  
  
"We ARE up to something in here." Gwen decided that debating the issue would only make it more likely they might be interrupted and kneeled to perform her task. There was really nothing to do; Natalie had been ruthlessly efficient in removing any traces of hair from the region. Gwen quickly ran her hand over her lips and mons twice and found nothing but smooth skin. "I think you got it all," she announced, standing and looking nervously over her shoulder into the hallway.  
  
"Yeah, thanks, I took some extra time in the shower this morning. Just wanted to make sure I didn't miss anything," she replied, standing and reaching for her jeans. "Okay, your turn. Come on, strip down and hop up."  
  
Gwen took one last look towards the kitchen and hurriedly shucked off her pants and underwear. She lay back and waited until her sister-in-law had finished dressing before opening her legs.  
  
"Yeah, just a little bit of stubble on either side," Natalie murmured distractedly after running her hand across the reclining woman's sex. A wet washcloth was next, and then a dollop of shaving cream.  
  
"I tried, but I always get nervous with a razor down there," Gwen explained as Natalie took the first small stroke.  
  
"Takes some practice."  
  
The sound of the kitchen door opening was followed a half-second later by Gwen trying to snap her legs shut and bolt from the bed. Natalie stopped her with a firm open palm to her stomach. "Careful," she said softly, "sharp instrument down here."  
  
"Hey Gwen?" The woman on the bed tensed further. Tim.  
  
"In here," Natalie called back over her shoulder, a reassuring smile on her face as she gently pried open the thighs that had captured the arm between them.  
  
Tim made it most of the way down the hall. "Hey Gwen I—damn, sorry—sorry!" The flustered man turned and retreated.  
  
"It's alright," Natalie laughed, "just giving your wife a trim. You can come in—you've seen her like this before, right?"  
  
Tim returned to stand in the doorway, his curiosity overcoming his embarrassment. "Uhh, not like that exactly, no. So that's how you, uhh, get it so smooth."  
  
"One way. Just like when you shave, right?"  
  
"Not like that at all..."  
  
Gwen, blushing furiously, tried to maintain a shred of dignity despite her feeling of complete and utter exposure in front of her husband. "Tim, did you need something?" she asked with feigned calm.  
  
"I, uhh, yeah!" His eyes snapped from the body between his wife's spread legs to her face. "I was getting ready to head out to run errands and wanted to say goodbye before you left."  
  
"Hang on—I'll be done in just a minute," Natalie said as she concentrated on her razor strokes.  
  
Tim was happy to delay. "Is what you're doing important? They'll be able to see down there?"  
  
"I'm not taking it all off," Natalie replied as she shifted a little to allow him a view of the sparse thatch on his wife's mons. "But you can never tell what they might see...In case you haven't noticed, lingerie can be revealing. So, we want to make sure it's all nice and neat just in case. Gwen's already checked mine." Tim groaned inwardly at the thought of his sister-in-law and wife in each other's current poses. "You're okay with other people seeing more of your wife than normal, right?"  
  
"Uhh, sure, if she is..."  
  
"Good, 'cuz now," she announced with a final stroke, "I think she's ready to be seen." Natalie wiped away the remaining foam with a towel and leaned back on her haunches to examine her work, a cautionary hand on a thigh to keep the half-naked woman open for inspection by both pairs of eyes. She glanced over her shoulder. "Whaddya think?"  
  
"Uh, it looks good?"  
  
"Good? It's beautiful!" Without waiting for a reply, she bent and firmly planted a kiss on the immaculately groomed pussy lips before getting up.  
  
Gwen hurriedly rolled to her feet even before the body between her legs was clear, grabbing for her pants while checking her husband's reaction to what he surely could not have missed. He did his best to hide his shock at what Natalie had just so casually done and concentrated on the woman struggling to put her underwear on. His wife's frantic motions calmed a bit after her jeans had been buttoned and zipped, thankful that Tim's embarrassed half-smile was not a look of anger or disgust.  
  
Natalie moved to where Tim stood and looked back. "Want me to close the door so you two can say goodbye in private?" she asked with a grin.  
  
"Well, I have nothing left to hide, apparently," Gwen replied with mock irritation, but followed her sister-in-law into the kitchen. Tim found excuses to delay his departure until the women had made theirs.  
  
"I can't believe you did that!" Gwen cried as soon as the car started down the driveway.  
  
The blonde batted her eyes innocently. "Did what?"  
  
"Let him see me like that—and then you kissed my-it!"  
  
"Oh, that. Sorry, couldn't resist. It just looked so pretty I figured he would want to admire the view, too! And he knows I've kissed you there before, right, that it kinda works that ways with girls? I will admit though, I was trying to get Tim flustered for once, which by the way I think we did-I swear his jeans were getting a little tight up front."  
  
"You were checking out his crotch?"  
  
"Sure! Why not? Always fun to imagine what a guy might be packing. Someday you're going to have to let me look and see if I guessed right after all these years. So you think he'll jack off now or wait until later, you know, let his imagination get all carried away? Or maybe now AND later? Now and later," Natalie decided with a quick nod of her head. "He can get it up more than once a day, right?"  
  
"Yes, he can...he looked excited? I didn't notice."  
  
"As one who has some experience looking, yeah I'd say he liked what he saw. Just the hint of a little girl-on-girl drives guys wild, even—or maybe, especially- if one of 'em is his piece of ass."  
  
Gwen wondered if Natalie was right and he was lying naked on their bed even now, his fingers curled around his shaft, pumping while lewd images danced in his head. She had come to enjoy watching him do that, paying close attention to his preferences so she might pleasure him with the same techniques later. Maybe he would give a repeat performance if she offered a detailed description of what happens when he's not there?  
  
"So anyways," Natalie continued, "you ever do any acting in school? Plays, talent shows, that kind of thing?"  
  
Gwen laughed. "Oh God, no! My mother didn't think that was something young ladies should take part in. Why?"  
  
"Well, tonight might be a good time to give it a try if you ever wanted to. I have a feeling you might like showing off a different side of Gwen. Let the inner Slut out, you know?" So she does know about me, the corseted figure on Gwen's shoulder purred while agreeing to the suggestion. "Ham it up for the guests, act innocent, sultry, playful, whatever you think they want to see and you've always felt like doing. To the guests, that kind of behavior is expected out of people like us."  
  
"And what are 'people like us?"  
  
"You know, the hired help. Seeing us get a little naughty gets them in the mood to toss money around, which means more sales for Cho and the more Mrs. Danning collects for her charities—"  
  
"Wait, wait," Gwen interrupted. "Mrs. Danning? You don't mean Sylvia Danning, do you?"  
  
Natalie grinned. "The one and only! So I guess you know who she is, huh?"  
  
Thirty years ago, Sylvia Danning had been Sylvia Perkowski, a twenty-something New York socialite with classic beauty, irresistible charm and rather limited means. But then she met Jubal P. Danning, the sixty-six year old real-estate and media tycoon, and after a whirlwind two-month courtship, married him. Jubal's friends, family and business partners had made every effort to convince him of his foolishness and that she was a gold digger, but despite their advice the couple had apparently been very happy together right up until his death some ten years later. There had been whispers that his young wife had fucked him to death; but his closest friends knew that whatever the cause of his demise, he had been never been happier than during his marriage to her. The erstwhile Danning heirs had repeatedly tried and failed to separate Sylvia from the massive fortune Jubal had left her, and to their dismay she had proven them wrong and was considered a very competent and financially conservative successor to the elder Danning. His holdings had continued to grow under her watch in the years since his death.  
  
Gwen was only barely aware of that part of the woman's past, though; the Sylvia Danning she knew was one of the leading figures in the American equestrian community. Her wealth and grudging acceptance into the highest echelons of the upper class had allowed her to indulge a long-simmering passion for horses in a big way, and in the past thirty years she had become a leading figure in all things equestrian. The Nelson family knew her particularly well as the one-woman selection committee for the Danning Cup.  
  
The Cup was awarded each year at the Perry, GA event to a promising junior equestrienne; it had been derisively nicknamed the "Redneck Rider Reward" by society's elite as it normally ended up with girls closer to working-class roots. Sylvia Danning never publicly discussed her selection criteria, but she had privately acknowledged to a trusted few that she wanted to ensure the scholarship money that came with the Cup would be appreciated and used. KD had won the award five years ago and while Gwen knew the Cup's nickname as well, she didn't care; the $10,000 a year for her daughter's college education had been appreciated, and she had no doubt that KD had been the best rider there, regardless of social status.  
  
"Yes, I know her. I can't believe someone like that is hosting a party like this."  
  
"Rich people have sex, too," Natalie laughed, "probably more than average. Money and power make it very available in whatever form they prefer. Our hostess knows Cho from somewhere, and from what I understand, she puts this on once a year and invites her inner circle of friends, and those who want to be in her inner circle. The toys and lingerie are secondary, we're just scandalous entertainment while Mrs. Danning pretends she's sharing a big secret with them and hits them up for donations to her causes. You know how rich people like the thrill of being in on big secrets." Gwen had to agree with this; even her own mother gauged much of her standing on how much "in the know" she was, and what she had on others. "The guests know not to talk about what goes on in order to stay in their host's good graces, and we don't talk about what went on because of the Non-Disclosure Agreement we signed."  
  
The Lady's urgent warnings of imminent danger and subsequent doom had Gwen's attention. "Natalie, what goes on that that makes this so secret? This isn't one of those sex parties I've heard about, right?"  
  
The blonde smiled. "It's just a homewares party that gets a little, umm, risqué. But Mrs. Danning and her guests have reputations to uphold, and being outed as a connoisseur of big black dildos on the Sunday paper's society page is not something they would appreciate. And no, it's not a sex party, but some of the things Cho's offering just need to be demonstrated to be appreciated...like I said, you can help out with that part as little or as much as you're up for. You won't get pushed into anything you're not comfortable with, but it's a fun night to show off a little." The explanation did little to quiet the Lady.  
  
Natalie spent the drive filling her sister-in-law in on some of the finer points of the evening while vaguely answering Gwen's increasingly frantic questions and then they were pulling into the now-familiar parking lot of Sensual Sensations. The shop was busy, and Gwen looked about as women (and men) casually handled the wares, comparing them, holding them up for their partner's examination and approval. A young clerk greeted them and led them to the back where she opened the door to a brightly-lit octagonal room with a small round stage in the center and mirrors on four of the walls, not unlike the fitting rooms in the bridal shops she had visited with Alison.  
  
"Ladies!" Dorothy, the older woman who had assisted her in selecting Cricket's gifts, rushed from a garment bag she was packing to hug the newcomers. "I was so glad to hear you agreed to help us," she said as she pulled Gwen into a hug.  
  
"Nervous?" Cho asked as she added her own greeting.  
  
"Very."  
  
"You'll be great. Let's start you with a glass of wine to help settle some of the jitters. I have a few things for all of you to try on," she said, already pouring. "I have an idea of your measurements from the corsets that first time you were here. Did you bring the things I asked for?" Gwen nodded, holding up a small travel bag. "Great!" Cho exclaimed, pushing the glass into the startled woman's hand while taking the bag from her. "Mind if I take a look?"  
  
Gwen nodded and took a gulp of wine. Cho quickly unzipped the bag and began to pull items out, examining each. "Beautiful boots," she said softly, "I usually ask the models to bring their own footwear so fit correctly. Remind me to get who makes these from you so I can add them to the catalog and see if they do custom work. Yes, they'll do just fine."  
  
"For what?"  
  
She smiled. You'll see. But now," she said, holding out the little black dress, "can I see you in this?"  
  
Gwen glanced around for someplace to undress in private but saw that Natalie had no need for one and was already down to just her thong, Dorothy attending to her. She eyed the closed door, wondering if the shoppers on the other side might get a free show should it open. "Will the others be coming in to try things on, too?"  
  
"Already did this morning. They all modeled for me last year, so I had a pretty good idea what would work. They're going to meet us there." Gwen eyed the door again before calming herself and undressing down to her underwear.  
  
"Might as well get rid of those, too," Cho advised as she waited patiently. "You won't need them for the things you'll be trying on."  
  
Gwen took another gulp of wine and reluctantly complied, the dress going on faster than the underwear had come off. Cho nodded appreciatively. "Oh yes, you will do just fine, too." Off to the side, Natalie giggled as Dorothy stuffed her oversized breasts into an undersized half-cup bra.  
  
Dorothy and Cho began to scramble back and forth between the changing area and the shop floor for more exact fits and colors as the models tried on a variety of things that became ever-increasingly revealing. Gwen was thankful that she couldn't see the customers through the frequently open door from where she stood and she therefore could not be seen by the customers, but the items selected for her continued to shrink in size and modesty and she knew she would be practically naked in front of strangers sooner or later today anyways. The alcohol-aided Slut worked to push her perverted dreams of being displayed to others into her consciousness, and the idea her twisted thoughts might somehow be made real both terrified and thrilled her. Her palms grew moist with sweat even as her sex grew slick.  
  
Cho approached holding a wide strip of supple black leather and a cord attached to triangles apparently cut from the same material. She eyed Gwen thoughtfully, examining her. "Try this," she finally said, holding out the items.  
  
Gwen took the wider strip first and tried to make sense as to what to do with it. "It's a skirt," Cho said helpfully and took the leather piece back. "Turn around." The strip was wrapped about her and fastened together with a single eye and hook just above the split of her buttocks. It was a skirt in name only; the leather ending not more than a couple of inches below her crotch, and the part sitting on her partially exposed bottom felt like it was gaping open like some sort of obscene hospital gown. Cho reached around and placed the tiny triangles she held over Gwen's nipples and tied the cord into a sort of bra, not that it would offer any support whatsoever. Her reflection reminded the barely-dressed woman of some sort of pornographic warrior princess. "Okay, turn around again." She shuffled in place to face Cho. "I like it. Wear your boots and gloves with this one, please."

Gwen's attention momentarily shifted to Natalie stepping into some sort of leather web consisting of nothing but thin straps and metallic rings. The blonde's breasts and sex were not covered by the outfit; rather, they were highlighted, her prominent mounds pushing between strategically placed straps that ran above and below them while Dorothy worked with the abundant flesh to make them spill out even further from their containment. Below, Natalie's bare mound and opening were surrounded in much the same manner, the straps making her sister-in-law's sex look like a perverse picture frame.  
  
"You can take that off and get dressed now," Cho directed, waiting patiently for her model to remove the little pieces of leather. "I think we have what we need. Let's get loaded up and go."  
  
Gwen did what she could to help pack the white panel van waiting behind the shop. The doors were closed, Cho and Dorothy climbed in, and Gwen and Natalie followed the vehicle out of the parking lot and towards their destination.  
  
"They didn't bring out anything other than garment bags," Gwen said quietly as Natalie followed the van through traffic. "She's not going to show anything else?"  
  
Natalie smiled. "Disappointed?"  
  
"Well no, but...but it sounds like the guests might be if those kinds of things aren't, umm, demonstrated?"  
  
"They were in the boxes already in the van. We don't need to try that kind of stuff on—one size fits all, at least for the most part. Are you thinking you might want to help out with some?"  
  
"No—I don't know, maybe. Some of the tamer things, if there is such a thing."  
  
The blonde smiled again. "Fair enough."  
  
The two vehicle caravan left the city and passed into the countryside. They eventually turned on to a country lane and travelled down it for some time, nothing but woodland and open pasture on either side before the van slowed. Cho pulled up next to a car in a small paved lot beside an iron gate set in a stone wall. In the growing dusk Gwen could just make out two passengers in the front and perhaps a third in the back of the vehicle. After a moment's conference, the van backed and then pulled forward to the gate, with the mystery car swinging in behind. Natalie followed.  
  
Gwen was surprised to see a guard emerge and approach the van from a door in the massive wall that stretched into the gathering darkness in either direction. A moment more, the gates swung open and Cho led the way up a tree-lined driveway that soon split left and right to climb the hill before them from either side. Atop the hill sat Coltishall Meadow, the home of Sylvia Danning.  
  
A uniformed attendant waved them into a parking garage underneath the mansion and a buxom young woman, auburn hair brilliant against her white shirt and grey skirt, waited for them as they pulled into their designated spaces. Gwen saw Liz get out of the right rear passenger seat of the car that had joined them at the gate, and out of the front a stunningly beautiful woman with skin the color of cinnamon and lustrous black hair in a single ponytail down to the small of her back.  
  
"Ms. Chen, very nice to see you again," the young redhead said as the driver of the van emerged, her voice echoing in the cavernous space.  
  
"Rae, very nice to see you as well."  
  
Natalie had already made her way to Liz and the other passenger. "Gita, great to see you again!"  
  
A dazzling smile graced the beautiful face as the younger woman greeted the older blonde in an impeccably proper British accent. "Natalie, how delightful to see you!" Gwen stood behind the SUV, feeling the need to stay out of the way of old friends renewing acquaintances. She watched the driver's side door open and was shocked to see a man's ponytailed blonde head appear, rising up and continuing to rise as the body inside the car struggled to free itself from the small vehicle. A mountain of a man, easily six-foot-four and broad-shouldered, finally stood and turned to the group of women on the other side of the car.  
  
"Neal!" Natalie cried, rushing to his side and doing her best to wrap her arms around his tree-trunk like midsection, "So good to see you again!"  
  
"Wonderful to see you, love!"  
  
Natalie hurried back to Gwen. "Gwen, I'd like you to meet Sangita and Neal Harpswell."  
  
The woman smiled and extended her hand. "You're our new model, then. I'm so pleased you could join us. Please, call me Gita."  
  
"Neal," the giant of a man said with a cocky smile. "Noice ta meet ya."  
  
"Gwen." she answered, trying to recover from Neal's surprise appearance. "Nice to meet you both."  
  
"Ladies and gentleman, if you'll follow me," Rae said, leading the way to an elevator, "the staff will bring your things up and you can relax for a while before we get started this evening."  
  
"Mrs. Danning's personal assistant," Natalie murmured to her sister-in-law, nodding towards the woman leading the group. "If she says the word, it gets done."  
  
The elevator ride was short, the door opening on a large open foyer. Rae led them down an oak-paneled hallway to a richly-appointed room, a study or library, Gwen guessed. Two doorways were set in the opposite ends of the far wall, red velvet drapes hanging in them and obscuring the view to what lay behind. A table held food that had surely come straight from the mansion's kitchens, while another held a wide array of drinks. Other tables and chairs had been set up against the walls around her.  
  
"Beer!" Neal laughed and set off towards the table. "Thank Gawd they rememba'd!"  
  
"Is he staying?" Gwen said quietly to her sister-in-law, the prospect of being practically naked in front of a drunken man adding to her rising panic.  
  
Natalie giggled. "Five models. You, me, Liz, Gita, and...Neal."  
  
"Really? He's one of the models?"  
  
"If you were on the other side of the curtain, wouldn't you want to see that? That's where things happen, by the way. Let me show you." Natalie led her sister-in-law across the room and pushed open one of the drapes. On the other side was a mirror image of the room they were standing in, comfortable chairs strewn about the space along with several tables filled with food and drink. "Assigned seating," Natalie said, pointing to the little placards on each of the chairs, "just like the country club dinners back home." The only person in the room at the moment was Cho, setting up a laptop on a small podium that stood in the far corner. Next to her was a sculpture, covered in white cloth. "Mr. and Mrs. Danning had adjoining studies," Natalie explained. "We're changing in Mr. Danning's and the show will be in Mrs. Danning's. Come through here, stand next to Cho while she shows you off, look sexy for a while, come back through the other curtain when it's time to change into the next thing. Simple." Gwen sincerely doubted that.  
  
Gita cleared her throat behind the two women. "I'm terribly sorry, but I couldn't help but overhear your concern over my husband's presence. I would guess you were not aware there he would be here tonight. I understand your concern but please don't be. He's really quite nice, and he will not be a nuisance, you have my guarantee. Once things start, he will be all business, I assure you."  
  
"Yeah, pay me no mind," he said, joining them, a beer in one hand and some sort of meat pastry in the other. "They only had wine last year, and I'm more of a beer guy. No worries—I'm not here to get pissed."  
  
"And once you informed Rae of your preferences, she apologized profusely and made sure you were well taken care of," Gita replied calmly. "Do behave, Neal, I believe you are frightening Gwen."  
  
"No, I'm just surprised, is all," Gwen hurriedly replied. "You're right-I hadn't realized there would be a male model here tonight. Do we change in separate rooms?"  
  
"Nah, all of us right her. I won't look if you won't," Neal said with a wink.  
  
"You'll be too busy to notice," Natalie said calmly. "Besides, Neal has seen plenty of naked women before, right?"  
  
"Plenty, not that I get tired a' lookin'," he assured her. "And most of 'em have seen me starkers, too."  
  
"Neal, stop that," Gita said with a laugh and a slap of his arm. "I promise I have ways to ensure his best behavior."  
  
"Ah Gawd, not that," he grumbled. "Ya nearly pulled it off last year."  
  
The Slut quickly imagined what "it" was and wanted to know more, but the Lady dictated polite conversation. "Do you live nearby?"  
  
"At the moment, yes. We're here doing our postgraduate studies. I'm from England—well, India, really, I was born there. Dad's a loyal subject of the Queen and Mum's from New Delhi. They met there and I was born in Mumbai before they moved to a little village outside of Dover when I was two. Neal and I met at university in England and came to the states to study. And we're here tonight because we're just two poor students who we never pass up a chance to make a little extra spending money."  
  
"And Neal is English, too?"  
  
"Naw, bite yer tongue," he said with a laugh. "I'm from Australia, where the proper Pommy gentlemen sent their bad boys." He paused and gave Gwen another disarming grin. " I c'n see why yer here, Cho's got an eye for beauty. Like this one." He hugged Gita to his massive frame, and she playfully swatted away the paw he had planted on her rear. "You do this much? Model, I mean?"  
  
Gwen blushed at the compliment. "Oh no, I've never done this before...first time. Liz and Natalie put me up to it."  
  
"Well, no need to worry, dear, they'll eat you up! Most important thing is have fun with it! But speakin' of eatin', you ladies better get hurry and get somethin' from the table—they'll probably be calling fer us soon."  
  
The women took his advice and continued to talk while they ate, Gwen careful with her wine intake despite the urge to soothe her jangled nerves, avoiding the sumptuous buffet altogether for fear it might not sit well in her fluttering stomach. Attendants brought in the garment bags, putting them on the tables around the room at Dorothy's direction. The last bag was delivered and the staff withdrew, quietly closing the doors behind them.  
  
"Ladies and gentleman," Dorothy called out as she looked over the top of her glasses. "As normal, you each have your own table. Liz, Natalie, Gwen, Gita, and Neal." She pointed to each station in turn. "We'll also try to keep that order when going out, remember to come on back to change when the person two ahead of you makes their appearance so we can keep things going, but don't come back too early. Let 'em get a good look at what you're showing." Gwen could see Dorothy was focused on her and sensed who the last message was directed at. "Management reserves the right to change the order at any time, so be on your toes. You should find your bags packed in the order we would like you to model the items. Try not to get things mixed up, right Neal?"  
  
"Uhh, yeah, sorry 'bout that."  
  
"You're forgiven." Gwen could hear the rising murmur of voices from the other room and feel her heart begin to race. "Last chance for food, drink and the restroom. We'll be starting shortly, so please begin getting ready."  
  
Gwen delayed as long as she dared, waiting to use the ornate bathroom down the hall until the others had gone both as a precaution and a stall tactic. After taking a deep breath, with a shaky hand she turned the handle to the study door and entered.  
  
The others were already deep into their preparations, Liz stark naked as she reached into her bag, Natalie and Gita still in panties. Neal was down to his boxer shorts, and Gwen could not help but admire the young man's magnificent body. His muscular chest tapered down to six-pack abs, and his skin was smooth and devoid of even a hint of hair. The Lady reminded her it would certainly be awkward to be caught looking at another woman's man and she looked down to study the intricate pattern of the Persian carpet as she hurried to her table. She risked another look around the room once she had unzipped her bag. The others were sorting out their first items, and Neal had his thumbs in the waistband of his briefs. The Slut would not let her look away as with a push, he slid them off. He was hairless down there as well, all the better to display the impressive thing between his legs, she supposed. It was huge, the flaccid pink-tipped length still limp yet hanging down several inches beyond his plum-sized testicles. The Slut suggested it might be longer soft than Tim was hard, and the Lady chastised her for even daring to compare the organ that had been sufficient to produce her two children to that—thing!  
  
"Doing alright?"  
  
She whirled to face the table to her left, a now completely naked Natalie approaching with a glass of wine. Gwen busied herself with the contents of the bag. "Yes, alright," she nodded.  
  
"Here, have a little, but not too much," she said, putting down the glass and leaning in towards her sister-in-law. "Is that a fine cut of meat, or what?" she mumbled under her breath while nodding to the man behind them. Gwen nodded back and pretended to concentrate on the first thing out of the bag. "It gets better," Natalie murmured and returned to her own tasks.  
  
The Slut wanted to know exactly that meant, but Gwen chose not to ask and concentrated on the contents of the now-open bag. She examined the first outfit and breathed a small sigh of relief. It was the forest green camisole and tap pant set she had tried on back at the boutique, a matching robe now part of the ensemble. It was probably the least revealing of the things she had tried on, but at least she got to start with it. Getting down to bare skin and putting it on was the next task...  
  
She faced the wall and undressed, presenting just her bare back and bottom to the others for a short time, wondering if Neal was ogling the others-and herself-as has she had him. As hoped and expected, the camisole and pants were not particularly revealing although loose enough that the right movement could reveal the treasures beneath. The robe would help prevent that, she hoped. Sufficiently covered given the conditions, she turned to face the others.  
  
Around the room, each model had donned outfits that were not particularly revealing, but definitely suggestive. Liz was in a white body stocking and bright red heels, the material not quite see-through but form-fitting enough to almost look like a second skin. Natalie wore a loosely-tied short white robe that gave glimpses of a matching lace bra and panty set underneath, her feet in white pumps. Gita's outfit was stunning, her lower half in loose-fitting gauzy pajama bottoms cuffed at the ankles to make them bloom and billow. The mottled brown and burnt-orange fabric was fairly transparent, enough to show the lines of her toned legs that met at a black G-string. Her top was covered by a half-shirt of the same material, a ring of elastic around the bottom to give it the same blousy appearance as the bottoms while giving her full breasts plenty of freedom underneath. A waist chain adorned with small trinkets hung loosely around her bare midriff. Gwen finally risked a look at Neal. He was dressed again, at least partially so; he wore a pair of dark blue silk pajama bottoms, his manhood forming a very noticeable bulge in the fabric.  
  
From the other room came the voice of Mrs. Danning calling her guests to attention and thanking them for coming. Cho was next, strong and clear, giving them a brief and vague rundown of what they would be seeing tonight, and how they might get these things for themselves or someone they thought might be worthy of them. Gwen took another gulp of wine and waited, fear and anticipation fighting for control. She was going to do it; if the others could show themselves to strangers and enjoy doing it, then so could she.  
  
"So if everyone is comfortable and has a drink, let's begin, shall we?" Cho announced.  
  
Dorothy's laptop dinged softly. She pressed a key before looking up. "Liz, you're on."

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 05**

It made sense to Gwen that Liz should be first. She looked like a model-- statuesque, beautiful, confident in an almost arrogant way. I can fake confidence, I've done it before, she thought, but there's no way I can fake that kind of beauty. Liz didn't hesitate, gliding towards the curtain, smiling at Gwen on her way by before pulling the red velvet drape aside and disappearing behind it.  
  
"First we have Liz in a Lycra body stocking," Cho began as several guests oohed. "As you can see, it does a wonderful job of accentuating every part of her body without being too revealing. Wonderful for a yoga workout. Also nice as a layer in cold weather, and just imagine the surprise awaiting whoever unwraps you when it's time to warm up. We have many style and sizes available, including several crotchless versions should you be the type that likes to get right to the point." She went on for a moment more about the effects of the stocking on a prospective partner.  
  
The laptop dinged again. "Natalie, off you go." She winked and flashed a wide smile at Gwen then sauntered through the curtain, hips twitching sassily. Cho introduced her and described the outfit while Gwen nervously wiped wet palms on bare thighs, carefully avoiding the satin that rode above them.  
  
The laptop dinged. Dorothy looked up and smiled. "Gwen, your turn." She swallowed and looked at the Harpswells who smiled encouragement. "Yer ace, love," Neal said softly and winked reassuringly. She commanded her knees to stop knocking and stepped to the doorway. No shoes, she thought. How come Liz and Natalie got shoes? With another deep breath she pulled the curtain aside.  
  
The comfortable chairs were now full of very well-dressed women, most of them her age or older she guessed, all of them focused on her. The woman seated in the back corner was easily recognizable from a photo in KD's bedroom as well as countless equestrian magazines—Sylvia Danning. There were several others familiar faces from TV and magazines as well...she forced herself to concentrate and remain focused on her efforts to appear under control. Several approving "aahs" registered, as did Cho's introduction. "And this is Gwen, wearing a tap pant and camisole set along with a matching robe. Perfect for lounging or setting the tone for things to come, or perhaps both..." the words became a buzz in Gwen's ears. Concentrate on the task, not the audience, she continued to remind herself as her show-ring training took over. Breathe, show no fear, they can sense fear. She willed herself to saunter to the podium and be shown to this crowd of strangers. Gwen stopped for inspection and looked above the heads of the seated guests to Natalie for reassurance. Her sister-in-law smiled and winked again from where she was standing among a group of women near a buffet table. Liz was on the other end of the room and gave the anxious woman a confident nod as she was gently turned in place by Cho's soft touch on her hip and rear as the pieces were described. It seemed like the longest minutes of her life, and then it was over, at least for now. Cho pressed her keyboard to summon Gita, and Natalie began to move to among the guests while Liz glided towards the curtain. Gwen set out towards the spot her sister-in-law had just vacated, reasoning that it was as safe there as anywhere. She reminded herself not to run, to act cool, calm, and collected and felt relieved when the audience's attention was drawn to the curtain as more oohs and aahs filled the room. Exotic Sangita had made her entrance.  
  
She was half-listening to Cho's description of the Indian woman's outfit, wondering what more she should be doing, how she should act. Stand in place? Turn some more? She studied Natalie, how she seemed to be absent-mindedly pulling back her short robe to reveal more of what lay beneath. Gwen tentatively pushed her own robe back off her hips and watched Liz disappear through the far curtain. Natalie had stopped at the spot the strawberry blonde had been occupying, she realized, comparing it to a show-ring circuit where each horse and rider followed an established pattern even as Gita made her way towards the spot she was now in. Natalie began to make her exit and Gwen moved to the next station.  
  
"But ladies, men look good in nice things, too. Here we have Neal wearing a sleepwear favorite." The gasps and murmurs of approval were loudest for the man who bulled his way through the curtain, a cocky grin on his face as he strutted towards the podium. Gwen stopped when she had reached Natalie's recently-vacated spot near a small group of women. "I wonder how much to see what he's hiding in them," she heard one of them say softly. "I'd write a check for those pajamas right now if I could take them off him," said another.  
  
He reached the podium and stood confidently with arms crossed over his chest while Cho extolled the quality of the material and construction, turning him and caressing his rear to show how nicely the pajamas fit him in the seat. Gwen looked around and could see that he had the complete attention of many of the guests. Many, but not all...several women seemed more interested in Gita's outfit, and—hers?  
  
"And here's Liz again..." Gwen glanced over to see the curtain pushed aside for the woman now dressed in white stockings, supported by a matching lace garter. The diaphanous full-length robe she wore did little to conceal the fact she was bare breasted. Gwen did her best to appear relaxed as she covered the distance to the safety of the curtain.  
  
"How'd it go?" Natalie asked brightly as she and Dorothy hurried to align and straighten the teddy the blonde had squeezed herself into.  
  
"Okay, I guess," Gwen replied as she reached into her bag for her next change. "At least nobody laughed."  
  
"Nobody in their right mind would have. You looked hot! You do a great shy and innocent."  
  
"I do?"  
  
"Uh-huh."  
  
The laptop dinged. "Ready?" Dorothy asked, retreating to the keyboard.  
  
Natalie slipped on a pair of heels in answer. "See ya out there."  
  
Dorothy returned to Gwen. "Better hurry."  
  
Gwen slipped off her pants and top, in too much of a hurry to be concerned with her nudity, and sorted out the next item, a not-quite see-through babydoll nightie. She held it up for the older woman to see. "Wasn't there underwear with this? I thought when I tried this on it had some."  
  
Dorothy smiled. "There was, but not tonight. You'll be fine."  
  
Gita pushed through the curtain and stopped at her table. "Doing alright, dear?" she asked over her shoulder.  
  
"I'm alright, thanks," Gwen replied quietly. "You?"  
  
Her full breasts bounced as she pulled her top off over them. "Smashing."  
  
Gwen slipped the babydoll over her head, the spaghetti straps catching on her shoulders and the hem falling midway down her thigh. She looked at the older woman next her for approval.  
  
"Looks great," Dorothy said, straightening a strap. "It's you." The laptop dinged. "Ready?"  
  
"I guess." Another deep breath and another pause at the curtain before she passed through. The eyes were on her again, evaluating her, taking her measure. Some returned to Neal, lamenting his departure as he made his way towards the red drape, but most came back to this new pleasantry. She moved slowly, not wanting the flimsy garment to swish up and expose her lack of cover beneath.  
  
"What can you say about the classic babydoll nightie," Cho asked the crowd as Gwen reached the podium. "Other than that this one looks particularly good on Gwen, and will look every bit as good on you or that special woman."  
  
The rotation continued on a couple more times before Dorothy started handing out things to go along with the lingerie. The women carried vibrators, dildos and other items out for Cho to talk about and the guests to examine, and despite her nerves Gwen smiled to herself as a woman her mother's age delicately took from her the massive black penis she carried and carefully examined it. No, that was not something that would help this woman maintain her carefully crafted image as head of a highly-regarded family should it appear on the Society page.  
  
Neal was absolved from the duties of showing off the various items intended for a woman's pleasure. None of the guests seemed to mind, though, as he continued to model pieces that shrank with each rotation, from briefs that were tight enough to show the outline of the tool underneath to an elastic pouch that barely contained his manhood. These in turn led to something that seemed to have just given up to the thing it was meant to contain and split at the seam, allowing his semi-erect member to push its way through the rip while his testicles lay cradled in a black satin bag beneath. The massive trunk had definitely grown since she had first seen it earlier that evening, but Gwen guessed from its slightly-drooping arc it had not yet reached its maximum bulk, as impossible as that seemed. She made her way back to the changing area after being given back the dildo and Liz had appeared.  
  
"Think you can show this one?" Dorothy asked, holding out a small triangle of fabric attached to elastic straps.  
  
"A G-String?"  
  
"Close." Dorothy reversed the fabric to show the small plastic cylinder attached to the other side. "A bullet vibrator."  
  
"Like the one I had on at lunch," Natalie said with a grin.  
  
Gwen quickly remembered how her sister-in-law's public torture and release. "And I just carry it out like I did the other things?" She asked cautiously.  
  
"I think it would be better if you wore it, dear," Dorothy said with a smile. "Don't you?"  
  
"So I wear it under my next outfit? So they won't be able to see it?"  
  
"That's the point of this one, now isn't it? Can't see it, can't hear it. And as for your next outfit, this might be a good time for that little black dress of yours. Just that and your heels, dear."  
  
Gwen's first thought was to pass on this one, but the Slut dared her to live on the edge a little. "It won't...be used, right? Nobody's going to turn it on?"  
  
"No dear, this one isn't linked to a phone yet. Fresh out of the box. Can't make it go without a linked phone."  
  
  
  
Gwen looked at Natalie for direction, the blonde smiling and excitedly nodding back her encouragement as she made last-minute preparations to go back out. "As long as it can't be turned on. How do I wear it?"  
  
"Like that G-String you tried on at the shop. Just slip it on, then the dress over that. What do you say?""  
  
"And no underwear over it?"  
  
"It is your underwear, dear. It does provide some cover, don't you think?"  
  
She hesitated a moment, weighing her options, and then quickly shucked off her teddy while Natalie gave a soft cheer before pushing through the curtain. Dorothy helped her into the contraption, not bothering to beg her pardon while she adjusted a notch in the little vibe to sit squarely on the Gwen's clitoris. "Dress and shoes—hurry."  
  
She slipped the little black number on for the second time that day, a small part of her remembering how she would have never considered this dress decent for any outing a year ago and yet now, even with no bra and the tiny strip of fabric covering her sex, it seemed like she was overdressed. "You're sure it can't be turned on, right?" she asked one more time.  
  
Dorothy smiled and looked up from what she was typing. "Straight out of the box."  
  
"Now ladies," Cho began as Gwen pushed through the curtain, "we've all been to those parties you really don't want to be at, just counting the moments until you can make a polite retreat for something more fun. Well, I think I have just the thing to make your evening more enjoyable." The women's attention was split between the woman in the black dress and the naked buttocks of the departing Neal, although Gwen noticed Mrs. Danning alone seemed more interested in the text message she was sending. Some of the guests seemed confused by her attire, others seemed bored. Dresses could be shopped for any time.  
  
The first jolt hit Gwen mid-stride, an intense assault on her clit that nearly made her knees buckle. Shock at the unexpected onslaught mixed with anger at having been lied to, but her years of practice at pushing aside distractions to focus on the task at hand made her recovery instinctual and it only looked to the guests like she had stumbled on her heels. She continued to the podium and stood, scanning the women defiantly. Another burst hit her, but she was prepared this time and only flinched, stiffening and biting her lip at the delicious vibration.  
  
The women looked up at her, some now openly puzzled as they began to murmur among themselves. They weren't here for dress shopping! Another quick burst of vibration, and Gwen reflexively brought her hands together in front of her sex and squeezed her thighs together to try and dampen the torturous buzzing. "Did anybody hear that?" Cho asked. There was still confusion on the women's faces. Another quick burst. "Or that?"  
  
The murmuring stopped. "I didn't hear anything," an older woman finally volunteered, growing impatient with the game.  
  
Another burst, longer this time, and Gwen, her left hand painfully squeezing the fingers of her right as she rode out the assault on her clitoris.  
  
"May I?" Cho asked once the buzzing had stopped, gently moving the trapped woman's hands to her side and grasping the hem of her dress.  
  
She thought quickly—it's technically still underwear, I'm still covered down there—and nodded curtly. The front of her dress was slowly brought up above her waist. "Gwen is wearing the latest in technology. A bullet vibrator is attached to the other side of her G-string, a vibrator that is controlled by a cellphone app." The vibrator buzzed to life again, and she twitched at the soft hum. The missing layer of fabric allowed the women nearest to Gwen to hear her tormentor, and much to her embarrassment, the women had an idea what to look for now and laughed. "Very discrete yet very powerful," Cho continued. "Wonderful for party games. Somebody in this room is controlling it right now."  
  
Gwen quickly guessed who and looked to the corner where Mrs. Danning sat. She's paying attention now, the Lady, groused, and the hostess looked back with a serene smile on her face, her hands hidden behind the thigh of her properly crossed leg. She weighed her options, wondering how it would be received if she were to walk backstage right now and take the contraption off. It would serve them right for lying to her! The alternative was that she might be forced to ride out an orgasm right where she stood. The thought horrified her, but she was not ready to cause a scene just yet. Let it play out some more, the Slut counseled, always time for action later. Gwen wondered how close she could get to the precipice of orgasm before going over, and if she could remain standing if she failed...  
  
"It's very quiet, so perfect for those events where you want to amuse yourself or another and nobody will be the wiser," Cho told the women as she lowered the dress again. "Gwen, could you go show our guests what it looks and sounds like close up?"  
  
She walked carefully, feeling ridiculous with the bunched fabric held above her hips as she awaited the next jolt in torturous anticipation. It didn't come until she had reached a spot in the center of the guests. There was laughter again as it hummed to life and she fought to restrain herself from reaching for her button's tormentor before the vibrator went silent again. "I heard it!" the woman next to her said excitedly, as if claiming victory. "I heard it!"  
  
"May I see the vibrator itself?" An older guest a few chairs away asked.  
  
"Absolutely. Gwen, could you slip those off and hand them to her, please?" The Lady was only too happy to remove the threat of possible climax and extreme embarrassment. She discretely slid them off from beneath the dress she had let fall back into place, then walked them over to the matronly woman.  
  
She nearly dropped the underwear when it buzzed to life in her hands. There was more laughter, but the woman seemed unconcerned in the least, taking it from Gwen and carefully examining the small barrel-shaped pill. "Do you need lubrication with it?" she asked at length.  
  
"No, it's certainly not necessary," Cho replied. "Why do you ask?"  
  
The woman ran her finger across the vibrator and down the fabric. "It feels wet..."  
  
Gwen turned a brilliant shade of red and Cho smiled. "I would say that's proof how well it works, wouldn't you?"  
  
The mortified woman was never gladder to see Liz than when she chose that moment to come through the curtain wearing another garter and stocking set and carrying what appeared to be a string of various-sized ball bearings. She made her way to the back, not bothering to wait for the vibrator to be given back.  
  
"You said it couldn't be turned on!" Gwen said loudly enough to show her displeasure without the guests hearing as Cho began to describe all the ways the ball bearings Liz was holding could be used.  
  
"I'm so sorry, dear," Dorothy said in a placating tone. "I had no idea."  
  
Gwen very much doubted the truth of that statement and made her way to her table. Another G-String awaited her, the triangle more or less translucent with a string of pearls running from front to back, matched with a very small top of the same fabric. Might as well just be naked, she thought, although the pearls had felt very nice as they rubbed over her clitoris and rosebud when she tried it on that afternoon. Hopefully they would not be enough to trigger her climax tonight.  
  
Dorothy finished helping Natalie into a corset and moved over to help Gwen change. Her sister-in-law, naked from the waist down, smiled, winked and moved through the curtain after the laptop dinged.  
  
"And take this one, please?" Dorothy asked after she finished arranging the top to at least make a show of covering her breasts, handing her a very realistic cream-colored dildo of sizeable proportions. Certainly outrageous, but safer than the last item. The laptop dinged, the older woman smiled expectantly, and Gwen went back through the curtain.  
  
The hue in her cheeks returned as she looked back at the women examining her, very aware that at least some of them had by now had probably handled the vibrator she had worn, and had the proof of her arousal. The Slut playfully suggested that perhaps the rubber cock might not be as safe as she assumed, and Gwen silently pleaded with Cho to not be given the task of actually demonstrating the massive cudgel she now held, knowing she would if asked. The Lady gave a small sigh of relief as the presenter seemed to shift gears.  
  
"Now ladies, I know much of what you've seen so far, while of the highest quality, can be found in many places. But what sets Sensual Sensations apart from others is our ability to cater to more individual tastes as well. We are uniquely capable of creating custom or commission pieces, to make something just for you and you alone. We are particularly well-known for fantasy wear and leather. We use only the finest craftspeople and will come to you to discuss your ideas and needs, all with the utmost discretion. We also specialize in finding those hard-to-get accessories our clients want but can't find or would rather not be seen looking for. Allow me to show you a few examples." She pulled the sheet off the sculpture to her right, and to Gwen's surprise, it was not artwork at all, but rather some sort of contraption, black iron, stainless steel hydraulic cylinders and padded boards. "Some of you may recognize this as something commonly referred to as a St. Andrew's Cross," Cho said, moving to the sinister-looking industrial device. "They're very popular in the bondage world as a more sophisticated means of restraining someone for your pleasure—and theirs. We like to think we've improved on the design and brought it into the twenty-first century, so much so that we call this the Queen's Cross. Each one is designed to your specifications and installed wherever you choose by our skilled and discrete technicians. It's fully adjustable at the touch of a button, and—"she hesitated a moment before smiling, "well, let me demonstrate."

Cho pushed a button on her laptop and Gita pushed through the curtain. She was now dressed in a supple deerskin teddy, the crotch nestled obscenely in her folds as the sides rose sharply to ride high above her hipbone while the deep cut in the front of the garment threatened to let her breasts spill free. Thigh-length cavalier boots, matching elbow length gloves and a rolled collar completed her outfit. The Indian woman held a riding crop in one hand, one end fringed with leather tassels and the other capped with a bump-encrusted phallus. There was a leash in the other hand, held at her side; she tugged it with mock exasperation and the other end appeared, attached to a matching cuff wrapped around and behind Neal's menacing erection. He was now naked, well, mostly naked, Gwen decided, wearing what seemed to be a male version of the leather harness Natalie had tried on at the boutique, with fewer straps and buckles. Gita pulled on the leash again and the balls trapped in front of the cuff lurched up and forward, compelling their owner to follow.  
  
"Don't hurt it!" a woman in the audience softly cried, and there was nervous laughter.  
  
"Not to worry," Cho reassured them, "in addition to our custom-made products, we also offer personalized services. As an example, I am a professional dominatrix, and Sangita is one of my students. I assure you she knows just how to make Neal behave without hindering his performance later." More nervous laughter. "I have a full staff trained in a wide variety of erotic arts, and we are available for consultation as well as education and assistance for those who might desire a professional's expertise. Now as you can see, the leash is perfectly positioned to keep him from wandering, but who knows for how long if his arms are still free? Not just anything is going to restrain a big, strong man like this. Let's see if the Queen's Cross is up to the task."  
  
Neal only needed a prod or two from the rounded end of the crop to align himself on the device, standing on the footrests and leaning back against a padded board while his wrists and ankles were secured with fleece-lined collars. Gwen was now standing off to the side, her own near-nudity and the faux penis she held all but forgotten by both herself and the guests as all marveled at the beautiful body on display. The Slut took in the scene as well, already at work suggesting how this new thing might be used for the demonstration the Lady dreaded.  
  
"First things first," Cho continued. "This harness is in the way. It's a custom design, carefully crafted to the body of your choice and very simple to remove, just three snaps." She undid the ring holding the strap across his chest in place, then the one about his waist. "There's one more clip, but right now it's a bit difficult to reach." She looked at the laptop for a moment before pressing a button. An electric motor whirred and the board behind the man's legs began to split apart, spreading him. Satisfied, she nodded to Gita who used her crop to lift his testicles further up and away from his body while Cho casually reached down and behind them to undo the last catch. She pulled the untethered straps away from behind him, leaving him completely naked save for the collar wrapped around the root of his manhood.  
  
"Adjustments to the cross are very easily made, even with it already occupied. It can all be done from a smartphone, and the leg, arm and body supports can be moved into in an almost unlimited number of positions. It's very safe as well—the software will not allow a support to be moved if there is tension against it. This is to prevent any unfortunate accidents where a body part might otherwise be bent in a way it was not intended to bend. Let me show you." Cho pressed a key, and the arms began to move up and away from the restrained man's body. "Neal, please try and stop your arms from moving." Gwen could see his biceps and chest muscles tense and the hum of the electric motor stopped.  
  
"In the cases where the subject does resist, other methods should be used to convince them of the futility of their efforts. Sangita, could you persuade Neal to relax please?"  
  
The Indian woman smiled and lightly tapped the underside of the man's protruding ballsack with the crop, then gently laid the stick across his member and pushed it down until the bulbous pink head was aimed directly at the nearest guests. "Don't resist love, it will just make things harder. We'll let you go once we're done with you. Do you understand me?"  
  
He grinned smugly. "Uhh, yeah?"  
  
Gita released the tension on his length, letting it recoil to point above the heads of the women in back, then tapped it menacingly three times, making it bounce. "I beg your pardon?"  
  
The grin disappeared. "Uhh, sorry 'bout that. Yes, mistress?"  
  
She nodded and turned to the woman at the podium. "I'm truly sorry about his behavior, ma'am. He is still very much a work in progress, I'm afraid."  
  
Cho smiled and keyed the laptop again. The device whirred into action, bringing his arms and legs into an X. "I have a client who has uses the Queen's Cross to display live works of art at her more intimate parties. We could do the same tonight, perhaps leave poor Neal here for the rest of our evening together as punishment, but my primary concern is always my clients, and I thought you might enjoy a little party game instead. Sangita, when was the last time Neal had any relief?"  
  
"About this time last Saturday, ma'am. I've had him close every night since, as you directed, and this morning as well, but I've not allowed him to finish. He's quite ready, I would think."  
  
"Excellent!" Gwen watched Cho reach under the podium and retrieve a black plastic flashlight. She unscrewed the lens, turning the open end to the guests to show them it was not filled with batteries but a very lifelike vagina instead. "Ladies, I'm sure some of you are familiar with male masturbators. Their equipment goes in, the byproduct of their orgasm comes out and is contained without staining your sheets—no fuss, no muss. What makes this one different is the business end I'm showing you is an exact reproduction of someone here tonight. As a matter of fact," she bent down and retrieved two more flashlights, one silver and one white colored tube, "all three of these have their real-life counterparts here tonight. We are more than happy to make one of you for the man in your life when he's missing you.  
  
But on to the game! Poor Neal here needs some relief, but he's tied up at the moment, so perhaps you'd like to help? Each of you who wish to play will have thirty seconds to use one of these three very lifelike aids to help this nice young man. But you may use this and only this—no other touching allowed! In the bottom right of your placecard is a number—that's the order you will get to try. Whoever finishes him wins! So who would like to help Neal here?"  
  
Several women discretely checked their card, and several more looked about for reassurance they would not be the only pervert before doing the same. Cho motioned for Gwen and Natalie to join her at the podium. "Can you hold these," she asked, offering each a canister, "and hand it to whoever would like to use it then get it back from them after?" Gwen nodded, debating what to do with the slab of rubber she already held. Cho seemed to read her mind and swapped what she held, carefully laying the dildo on the podium. Gwen took the offered item and looked at it, surprised at how lifelike it looked, down to the crinkles in the labial lips and the tip of the clitoris that peeked out from the folds. Cho quickly squirted a dollop of lube into the opening. "Work that in, would you please? Wouldn't want anything to chafe. It's going to have a busy night after this."  
  
Gwen tentatively stuck a finger between the folds to push the slickness down into the channel. The material was soft and pliant, not terribly unlike the real thing, only cooler to the touch. She looked up and saw a line was already forming, a serious-looking older woman waiting impatiently. The woman took the masturbation sleeve offered to her by Cho and approached the naked man, seemingly all business. "Men with big cocks have no self-control," she said, eying him for a reaction. "They never practice any because they don't think they need to. This won't take long." Neal smiled disarmingly, but she was having none of that and rammed the tube down his length. Her approach was straightforward and somewhat rough, meant more to show the others her was at her mercy rather than give him pleasure. Despite his desperate condition, the naked man continued to smile down at his shaft's assailant, making it obvious he was not prepared to award her the win on this round at least.  
  
"Time!"  
  
Sangita stepped in and stopped the woman's efforts, taking the instrument from her. She eyed Neal menacingly, as if insulted he had not known his place and responded appropriately, then stomped back to her chair. The next contestant, a younger woman, gently took the silver canister from Gwen and approached. She seemed more interested in looking at his slick length than making it erupt, and her technique was hesitant, tentative, and not nearly enough to produce the desired results.  
  
Despite his need for release Neal hung in through eight variations of the theme, but it was obvious he was getting close. His breathing was heavier, his hips beginning to take on a will of their own and a sheen of sweat forming on his chest, while to Gwen his cock had seemed to grow even larger. The ninth woman, a middle-aged brunette, approached and took the silver canister, the last in line before the cycle began again, the first contestant already rising from her chair and preparing to end it her way and claim victory.  
  
"Would you like to come?" The brunette asked in a tone that made it sound like she was talking to an energetic beast. "Would you like to show me how much come it takes to fill this thing up? It sound like you're very full...how much is that? Is it enough to make this thing overflow, all over my little hand? If they let me put you in mine, I'd make sure you didn't spill a drop..." She inserted him into the slick opening with a twisting motion, slowly pushing down his length as she rotated it like she was screwing it on. Neal's smile was gone, replaced by gritted teeth and soft snorts. His hips stabbed at the soft warmth even as she pulled it back. On the third repetition of this torture, he bellowed in triumph as his orgasm erupted. The woman tried to pull the toy back out to reveal his spurting tip and perhaps delay the inevitable, but Gita delicately caught the closed end with two fingers and pushed it back, firmly burying his cock in the slippery canal. "Wouldn't want to get it all over this beautiful rug, would we?" she asked. "Besides, I think it deserves the chance to hide it in a nice warm spot for a moment or two, don't you?"  
  
Finally spent, Neal slumped against his restraints and breathed heavily. "Thank the nice lady, dear," Gita reminded him, tapping the crop to his chest.  
  
He looked down and grinned. "Thank you, ma'am, that was bloody marvelous! Christ, I thought I was gonna shoot it right outta yer hands!"  
  
Cho gently took the sleeve from his cock and looked at the used end. "Congratulations, you came in Dorothy," she announced.  
  
A cheer came from the retired woman, now standing by the curtain watching the show. "The real one might have a few years and a few miles on it, but both still work like a teenager's!"  
  
"Dorothy runs my back room for me at these little gatherings and I couldn't do it without her. She's the model for this one," Cho explained, holding the business end towards the guests for them to see. "This is Sangita," she said, holding up the black canister then the white, "and this is me."  
  
"Not mine?" Sangita said to her husband with mock seriousness and grabbed his length. "Perhaps these are a little too lifelike and you prefer the feel of another woman? Not to worry, you'll beg for mine later."  
  
"Just as we can make replicas of your most intimate spot, we also offer do-it-yourself kits to recreate your favorite man with for those times when you're missing him. Or you can have them professionally crafted by us as well," Cho told the guests while picking up the dildo she had taken from Gwen. "Like this one. It's an exact replica of Neal's here, and painstakingly detailed." She held it next to the naked man's shiny and only slightly-diminished erection. "As our winner tonight," Cho told the woman who had emptied the real thing, "you'll be taking home this little memory of your victory and we'll also make one for you at a later date to your exact specifications." She nodded to Natalie, who in turn gently pulled on the tie on Gwen's G-string and motioned for her to head for the changing room. Gwen struggled to follow as tried to keep the now-undone bottom from falling to the floor, the pearls sawing through her folds as she moved. Both Dorothy and Liz were waiting, the tall strawberry blonde nude except for a leather belt about her waist and a strap-on dildo that jutted from it.  
  
Dorothy was quick to begin unhooking the corset the blonde was wearing while Natalie reached into her bag and pulled out the leather harness she had tried on at the boutique. Gwen undressed as well, briefly hesitating after pulling out the leather skirt and top.  
  
"Turn around." Liz was approaching, the fake cock bobbing absurdly before her. "Let me help." The dildo poked and prodded Gwen's lower back and cheeks as the skirt and top were arranged, the strawberry blonde unconcernedly brushing the erect nipples with her fingers as the leather triangles, barely big enough to cover Gwen's areolas, were arranged. She both feared and hoped Liz would somehow take advantage of the situation and her touch would linger, but the woman eventually stepped back and let the leather-clad woman retrieve her boots and gloves. At the next table, Dorothy was putting the finishing touches on Natalie, fastening a leather collar about her neck while the nearly naked blonde gingerly slid a horse tail attached to a black stick into her rear, much like the one she had suggested for Gwen that day they had shopped for Cricket's gifts.  
  
Dorothy put a pair of leather-banded handcuffs on Natalie, then attached a leather lead to a ring on her collar and handed it to her startled sister-in-law. You're ready to go." Across the room, Gita led Neal in by his still-potent erection.  
  
"Both of us?" Gwen asked, looking down at the leash in her hand.  
  
"Both of you."  
  
She headed for the curtain, unsure what else to do, but came up short when the lead tightened. Gwen looked back to see Natalie smiling at her, not moving. "Aren't you coming?"  
  
"Make me."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Make me. How do you make your horses move when they don't want to?"  
  
"You don't want to go out there?"  
  
That insufferable smile still. "I want you to make me."  
  
Gwen shook her head, finding it hard to believe Natalie would actually ask to be treated like a balky animal. The patient look on her sister-in-law's face made it clear she was being dared to do just that. She tugged the line gently with no response, then gave a sharper tug, the movement linked by long habit and muscle memory to clicking her tongue just as she did with her horses. The lead slackened and the collared woman followed.  
  
Gwen pushed through the drape, feeling slightly ridiculous walking out with her sister-in-law in tow. Again the lead went taut as Natalie stopped short on the other side of the curtain. Another sharp tug, another click, and her sister-in-law appeared.  
  
"Fantasy wear is something we get many requests to design. Warriors and captives are a very popular theme." Natalie playfully shook her hips as she paraded past the seated women, making the tail swing. "And this captive will be excellent for demonstrating some of the other features of the Queen's Cross." Gwen led her charge to the podium, unsure what to do next. The device was back in its original position, but it looked like a piece of the backrest had been removed to reveal an oval-shaped opening near the top. Cho took the leash and positioned Natalie face first on the device, her cuffed hands looped over the top and breasts inserted through the hole in the padded board. The ankle cuffs were quickly in place, and with another push of the button the restrained woman began to bend at the waist while her legs came out and away from each other. The motor stopped, and the view of Natalie's open sex was only partially obscured by the tail that hung above it.  
  
"As you can see," Cho told the audience turning the table on a central pivot to put the blonde in profile to the audience, "it can be turned into a fully adjustable milking table just by removing one pad." She pulled up a chair, reached under and palmed one of the dangling breasts, making it swing for effect. "That backrest also has a male-appropriate opening if you prefer that kind of milk."  
  
"But of course," she continued, rising and turning Natalie's sex back to the crowd, "it's also very good for more traditional uses. For instance, royalty should expect certain privileges without having to worry about another's concerns." Liz glided through the curtain, regal in her appearance and movement, her body now covered in a shimmering high-necked white robe with a single emerald on her forehead beneath a circlet of silver. The robe billowed but could not hide the fact there was something rigid beneath.  
  
The queen stopped behind the gift Gwen had brought her, testing the restrained woman's flank with a light slap. She threw the robe off with a flourish, carelessly letting it drop behind her, revealing the poised weapon on her hips.  
  
Cho reached for the dildo still on her podium. "Oh—I almost forgot—Gwen, could you deliver Neal to his new owner, please?" She wanted to watch the scene unfold, but took the heavy piece of rubber and found the woman in the audience.  
  
Gwen managed a quick glance back at the scene unfolding on the device, where Liz had now flipped the tail out of the way, the jutting penis she wore hovering about the bound captive's opening. Natalie's going to let her do that to her right here, in front of everybody? She's got no say in the matter at the moment, the Slut said with a chuckle. Pretty cool, huh?  
  
"I'll take that, thank you very much." Gwen whirled and looked down at the smirking woman, her hand extended to accept her prize.  
  
"Oh, uhh, yes ma'am."  
  
"The, vibrator you were demonstrating, is it really any good?" The brunette's arrogant smile remained.  
  
"Yes ma'am," Gwen whispered back, "it's—"she stopped mid-sentence and tensed as the woman's hand found its way under her far-too-short skirt to a bare cheek and gently squeezed. "Yes ma'am, it works very well."  
  
"You didn't get it wet before you put it on, did you? Some sort of sales trick?"  
  
Gwen felt her cheeks flush again. "No ma'am. That was...me. It's very good."  
  
"I was hoping to see you come. It's a pity you were asked to take it off before you could. I'm very good at spotting a faked orgasm—I've acted out a few myself--and I was curious if yours was going to be part of the sales pitch." She held up Neal's replica. "He certainly wasn't faking. Thank you, I may have to try one for myself." That hand patted her rear, signaling she was no longer needed. Gwen straightened and saw Liz's bare bottom disappearing back through the curtain while Cho began removing Natalie's restraints. She hurried back to the podium, unsure what to do next.  
  
"Set this one free," Gwen was told as she was handed her sister-in-law's leash. "Take her out back and let her go. I think we've all seen just enough to imagine the possibilities...ladies, thank you so much for coming this evening..." She led the naked blonde through the curtain, letting go of the lead as soon as they were hidden from sight.

"It's a wrap!" Dorothy announced as she unlocked Natalie's cuffs. "Did you have fun?"  
  
Gwen looked about, slightly bewildered. Gita and Neal were already dressed, the Australian back at the freshly restocked buffet table, and Liz was stepping into a long flowing skirt, apparently not bothering with underwear.  
  
"We're done?" A wave of relief mixed with a tinge of disappointment flowed over her. "Uhh, yes, I guess," she replied, hurrying to her table, anxious to catch up with the others. "Did I do alright?"  
  
"Ya did great, love!" Neal said over his shoulder as he forked shrimp on to a plate. "Ya looked like you were born to be out there! Your husband's a helluva lucky bloke!"  
  
Now that it was over, the exhilaration of what she had just done finally hit her, and Gwen resisted the urge to chatter excitedly with the others, trying to maintain an image of calm as she had been taught to do when she still rode competitively. She no emotion, show no weakness...there was one particular weakness that would have to addressed, however, and she was anxious to be on her way to Liz's to just that. There was no question in her mind that once she was behind the door of the guest bedroom she would relive the evening in detail and satisfy of the urges that had been building since the morning. Liz and Natalie might again offer her the chance to join them in the master bedroom, but despite her needs she wasn't ready for that. Perhaps she might dare to ask Liz if she could borrow a vibrator, although given her current state of arousal, her fingers would probably do the trick in no time, likely more than once.  
  
Rae pushed through the curtain as Gwen was fastening the button on her slacks. "Excuse, me, Gwen—it is Gwen, right?"  
  
She turned to face the young redhead. "Yes that's me."  
  
"Somebody would like a word with you. Do you have a moment?"  
  
Gwen looked about and could see Natalie was as puzzled as she was. "Uh, yes, of course..."  
  
"Could you follow me, please?" Rae led her out into the hall. Gwen followed and waited as the young woman stopped at a door further down, opened it, and stepped aside. Gwen entered a small office and the door closed behind her.  
  
Mrs. Danning rose from behind the massive oak desk she was seated at and came around to the front, an impatient look on her face. "The boots you were wearing earlier, where did you get them?"  
  
Gwen was not prepared for the sight of this woman, and certainly not prepared for the question. "Excuse me, ma'am?"  
  
"The boots you were wearing earlier," she slowly repeated, as if talking to a child, "where did you get them?"  
  
The Lady panicked. She thinks you stole them! "They're mine," she answered carefully, "they were a gift from my husband." Tim had given them to her for their anniversary several years ago. She had scolded him for the costly extravagance and then scolded her daughters for helping him pick them out. "Cho asked that I bring them with me."  
  
"I didn't recall Cho offering them in her selection of leather goods. They're Dolcevitas, very good riding boots. Very good, and very expensive. Were you aware of that?"  
  
"Yes ma'am, I was."  
  
"And are they just for show, or do you actually ride—horses, I mean. I would hope they've never had a motorcycle between them."  
  
Gwen found herself becoming annoyed with the woman's attitude, wealth, power and KD's scholarship be damned. "Yes ma'am. I ride," she answered curtly. "Horses. I consider myself competent in the saddle."  
  
Mrs. Danning broke into a smile and extended a hand. "You do, do you? Well, you look like a rider, and the way you led your friend in made it look like you've had some experience with animals with real tails rather than ones stuck in their ass. Sylvia Danning."  
  
"Yes ma'am, I know," Gwen replied, slow to forgive the woman's brusqueness. "I read the equestrian magazines. Gwen Nelson."  
  
The woman's smile did not change, seeming to ignore any slight the other woman might have intended. "Nelson...I awarded a Danning Cup to a Nelson five years ago. Any relation?"  
  
"My daughter Kathryn Deanna, ma'am."  
  
"Is that so? She was an easy choice—excellent rider and horse. It was obvious she had a good foundation and had been very well prepared. Where did she take her instruction?"  
  
Gwen fought to catch up, surprised this woman remembered so much of an event that long ago. "Mostly at home, ma'am. I taught both of my daughters from the time they could sit on the back of a horse."  
  
"You don't say? I ask because as I recall, your daughter had several mannerisms about her that reminded me of a certain instructor I know—Elsa Ritter. Do you know her?"  
  
Gwen's heart raced from the surge of anxious adrenaline the name produced. "Yes ma'am, I know her. I was an instructor on her staff at Peachtree Stables before I was married."  
  
Mrs. Danning's eyes flickered in surprise. "Well, that would explain that! It also speaks very highly of you. Elsa does not tolerate headstrong students or mediocre instructors."  
  
Gwen could never remember anyone calling Miss Ritter by her first name, not even the owners of the stable. "I don't know what it says about me ma'am, but with others, at least, yes, she had rather high standards."  
  
"Still does. Do you keep in touch with her?"  
  
"No ma'am, I know she left Peachtree a year after I got married, but nothing after that."  
  
"Well, I can tell you she's in Austria now, coaching their Women's National Junior Team. She was teaching for me at my Kentucky stables but left after she got into a dispute with a father who thought some of the instruction she was giving his little snowflake to be unusual and highly irregular ..." Mrs. Danning eyed the woman in front her thoughtfully. "I'm going over to the Prague Invitational next week. I'm sure I'll see her there. Shall I give her your regards?"  
  
"Oh, thank you, that's very kind of you, but I doubt she'd remember me. It was a long time ago, and I'm sure she's had many people work for her."  
  
"Many have worked for her, and a select few have worked under her," she replied with a mysterious smile. Mrs. Danning fell silent, but her smile remained constant as she seemed to size up the woman before her. Gwen defiantly held her gaze, sensing some sort of challenge. "Thank you for coming tonight," she finally said, offering her hand again. "And thank you for coming to talk to me."  
  
Gwen knew she was being dismissed and again took the hand. "Thank you for having us."  
  
Rae was waiting outside the door and escorted her back to the others. "Everything alright?" Natalie asked, a bit concerned. "What was that all about?"  
  
"Mrs. Danning liked my boots."

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 06**

"She'll see you now," Rae announced, looking at Neal and Gita. Gwen wondered if 'she' was the woman she had just had her own audience with, and if so, what Mrs. Danning could want with the young couple.  
  
"Uhh yeah, right then." The big Aussie's cockiness seemed to waver, and he looked down at his cinnamon-skinned wife.  
  
"Yes, I suppose it is that time." The couple began saying their goodbyes, making promises to keep in touch and "that we'll all do it again next year". The Slut purred at the hint of Neal's manhood as it pressed against her lower ribcage when he hugged her.  
  
"James will be along in a moment to escort you to your car," Rae told the other models, then turned to the Harpswells. "If you'll follow me, please." Both Neal and Gita smiled and nodded before falling in behind the buxom young redhead. Liz and Natalie began to gather their things.  
  
"Shouldn't we wait for them?" Gwen asked after the couple left the room. "And what about Cho and Dorothy?"  
  
"Cho and Dorothy will be here a while. They're still answering questions and taking orders." The murmur of voices in the next room was a sure sign there were plenty of guests that had stuck around after the show had finished. "And Gita and Neal," Liz said with a knowing smile, "aren't leaving tonight."  
  
"What do you mean? They're staying? Why?"  
  
She shrugged. "The hostesses for these little home parties usually get a gift for their time and effort. Sometimes it's a no-stick skillet or a seal-and-store bowl. Mrs. Danning's getting Neal and Gita for the evening."  
  
"Getting..." A look of shock crossed Gwen's face. "Oh my God, you can't mean," she lowered her voice and looked about. "For sex?"  
  
"Maybe," Liz calmly replied. "Or maybe they're going to discuss the effects of European unity on the dollar. Who knows? Gita didn't give me the details. She did tell me that they were spending the evening and tomorrow morning, and that they were told they would be leaving some time before noon."  
  
Gwen's voice remained low and urgent. "Both of them? Together? All of them? Are Neal and Gita...do they have to do this? They're not in some kind of trouble, are they? Or, you know, prostitutes?"  
  
Liz laughed. "I doubt it. Mrs. Danning saw them at the show last year and asked Cho if they might be interested in having a sleepover this year. Cho asked them and they said yes. Gita sounded like she was looking at it as a way to network with one of the country's most powerful women. College students always have to be on the lookout for post-school job prospects." She smiled again and shrugged. "Or maybe they're just into rich women."  
  
James appeared at the door. "If you ladies will follow me, I'll show you to your vehicles." The Lady voiced disgust with the Harpswells for consenting to what she was sure was pleasure for pay. The Slut disagreed, seeing it as a great opportunity to enhance their future prospects for any evening's efforts. Gwen felt sympathy for them at having been put in such a difficult spot, but also saw the cold practicality in the arrangement and reluctantly admitted she had been faced with the same decision during her time with Miss Ritter. Her arousal flared at the remembrance of the depravities she had willingly consented to and performed in return for instruction from a truly great equestrienne, and imagined the Harpswells preparing for their own night of servitude and debauchery.  
  
Natalie drove and Liz played navigator while Gwen took the back seat, lost in thought until her sister-in-law made the turn from country lane to public road. "Do you really think she's going to have sex with them?" She quietly asked of whoever wished to answer.  
  
"Maybe," Liz replied as she continued to watch the road. "I hear Gita's a wiz with rope bondage, it could be Mrs. Danning wanted to see some of her best knots. Or, she wanted to watch a more intimate performance starring two very attractive young people. Or she wants to play her own party game with Neal. Or she just wants some company and pleasant conversation. Or, all or none of the above. We can ask them next year, but I bet the non-disclosure agreement we signed extends to after-party activities."  
  
Gwen didn't share Liz's uncertainty regarding the expectations of the young couple. She knew from her parents' circle of friends that the rich just assumed their wealth and power brought privilege. Sylvia Danning was no different than the local country club set, just infinitely more powerful and therefore more entrenched in an aura of self-entitlement. The Harpswells would definitely be hard at work satisfying their benefactor who in turn would likely be giving little thought to her "guests'" comfort and pleasure. She remembered that when Miss Ritter had occasionally grant her physical release—and more often than not, withheld it despite her student's apparent need—she had been using positive and negative reinforcement to shape acceptable effort and behavior. The higher her instructor set the bar, whether in the ring or in her bed, the harder she had worked to earn that reward. Gwen could only hope Neal and Gita would be rewarded more fairly and more often for their efforts.  
  
"Home sweet home," Liz announced with a sigh as they pulled into the condominium parking lot. Gwen trailed behind the two women as they climbed the stairs to the second floor, wondering how long it would be proper to socialize with them before slipping off to bed. She was tired, but sleep was going to wait until other more pressing needs had been addressed.  
  
"Make yourself comfortable," Liz told them as she dropped her bag on the couch. "Help yourself to whatever's in the fridge. I don't know about you two, but these shows always get me horny as hell and I'm need to do something about it," she said matter-of-factly, looking at Natalie. "What about you?"  
  
The blonde glanced at her sister-in-law and smiled. "I'm ready."  
  
"Am I alright in your guest room?" Gwen asked softly.  
  
"You sure you don't want to stay with us? Plenty of room..."  
  
The Lady had prepared and rehearsed her answer but Gwen hesitated, the Slut urging her to reconsider. "No, thank you very much," she replied thoughtfully. "That's very nice of you to offer, though."  
  
"Up to you," Liz said with a knowing smile, sensing the inner battle being waged. "See you in the morning."  
  
"'Night sweetie," Natalie said, kissing her cheek as she walked by. "Sleep well. If you change your mind..."  
  
Gwen stood and watched the two women disappear into the far bedroom while Lady and Slut bickered. With a sigh, she trudged to the guest room and quickly stripped down to bra and panties.  
  
At least go borrow a vibrator if you're going to do it yourself, the Slut urged. A Neal-sized dildo might be nice, too. The Lady advised fingers would suffice if ignoring the deviant urges altogether and going to sleep was not an option, but on this she was overruled. Gwen crept into the hallway, not bothering to redress.  
  
She peeked in from the side of the open doorway, a single bedside lamp giving off a soft light. Natalie was already nude and lying on her side with her back to the visitor, her hand propping up her head as she watched her equally naked friend rummaging through a dresser on the other side of the bed.  
  
Liz caught the movement off to her side. "Hi?" Natalie looked back over her shoulder to where here friend was looking and smiled warmly.  
  
"Hi," Gwen replied, fighting the urge to retreat back to the safety of her room. "Sorry if I'm interrupting, but, umm, I was wondering if it would be alright if I could borrow a, umm," she lowered her voice, "a vibrator? It's been an interesting day," she explained weakly.  
  
Liz smiled. "Of course you can. I was just looking for one to bring to you." She stepped away from the nightstand and motioned to the open drawer. "Come pick one. Or two, they're small. Well, some of them, anyway."  
  
Gwen cautiously entered the bedroom and moved slowly to the other side of the bed, as if the door might slam shut and trap her. The drawer seemed full of lingerie, dildos, vibrators and other things not quite identifiable, a plethora of shapes and sizes in a rainbow of colors.  
  
"I'm kind of an aficionado of the masturbatory arts," Liz explained. "So much easier than a man."  
  
Natalie laughed. "But not always as satisfying. You know you can use the one I trained any time you want, right? You seemed to at least find him not terrible once upon a time."  
  
"He wasn't bad and if I ever have a moment of weakness sometime I may take you up on your offer. But there's a lack of men in the room tonight, so Gwen, go ahead and take whatever you want. I've got plenty."  
  
"I see that." She looked at the neatly-sorted collection, a bit overwhelmed, hesitant to actually touch them.  
  
"I will admit that a talented partner can be a very nice change of pace," Liz allowed, looking at the woman on the bed before her focus shifted to Gwen. "Or two. Are you sure you wouldn't like to join us?"  
  
Gwen looked from one naked woman to the other, giving the Lady one last chance to extract her from this. The Slut was more convincing. "I'm not very talented and I'm not sure what I'd have to do..."  
  
Liz answered by moving behind her. Gwen froze in place and allowed the nude woman to deftly unlatch her bra. "Natalie seems to think you're pretty good, and we can teach you. First things first," she said softly, "let's get rid of these." Fingernails rasped down the nervous woman's waist and into the waistband of her panties, gently pushing them down. "Just bare skin in my bed. And yours is beautiful." There was a kiss on the back of her neck as soft hands smoothed over the contour of her hips and ribcage. "On the bed," she directed, "lie down next to Natalie." She numbly complied, arms at her side and looking up at the ceiling, fervently hoping Liz would make good her promise and guide her.  
  
"Hi there," Natalie said from her right, her hand already smoothing circles on her sister-in-law's firm stomach. "Relax and enjoy. We'll take good care of you."  
  
Liz lay down on her left, two naked bodies and a headboard blocking the newcomer's escape. There was a lingering kiss on her cheek, and Liz's hand replaced the one on her stomach as Natalie's traced a line up between her breasts and onto her upper chest. The lips moved to her earlobe, nibbling, a tongue leaving a damp trail along the folds.  
  
Liz gently pulled Gwen to face her and claim first dibs, offering a reassuring smile to eyes tinged with fear and anticipation. She could feel Natalie's body pillow against her back as her sister-in-law rolled up behind her while Liz continued to pleasure her from the front. "New kid sandwich," she murmured, and her lips found the surrounded woman's. They were soft, tasting of the bright red lipstick she had worn for the show, and her tongue searched for a partner to dance with. Gwen responded, committed to following the strawberry-blonde's lead. Natalie's hand ran over their mashed-together breasts while her mons ground sensuously against Gwen's tailbone.  
  
The feel of two bodies enveloping her own was electric, two hands that instinctively knew a woman's triggers working confidently to create sensations unlike Gwen had ever experienced before. The hand caressing her nipple moved down between their sexes to find her clit as Liz grabbed Gwen's wrist and firmly placed it between the strawberry-blonde's now-open legs. Gwen's finger began to explore the woman's very wet sex and welcoming channel, and the hand grasping her wrist let go to make its way between her flank and the hip behind her so a finger could gently turn circles around the sandwiched woman's rosebud. Gwen wanted to do more for the body behind her, to return some of the pleasure she was receiving, but the arm trapped under body was impossible to free. Later, she promised. Just a little later, after I...  
  
Liz broke their kiss. "I've wanted to taste your pussy ever since I saw Natalie open you up to shave it. Lay back," she demanded. Gwen gladly complied and rolled on to her back, her legs spreading to accommodate the body that was forcing its way between them. Liz smiled with satisfaction, then knelt and bent to claim her prize like a lioness stooping to feed from freshly-captured prey.  
  
Her kisses were gentle at first, a soft reminder of how her day had started—had Natalie really done that in front of Tim today? It seemed so long ago—and lingered, the tip of Liz's tongue just barely making contact with the soft folds beneath. It was slow to extend further and explore more fully, and Gwen's hips twitched involuntarily in an effort to persuade it upwards towards her tingling clitoris. Natalie was close by, crouching to the side of the twitching woman and teasing her erect nipples. Gwen's hand came up between her sister-in-law's legs, palm firmly pressed against her mons while two fingers squished their way into her very wet sex.  
  
If being the center of attention of one person's efforts was good, two was overpowering, and her much-needed release rocketing towards the peak of the precipice. Liz's technique was a cross between Natalie's and Miss Ritter's, forceful and authoritative while being performed by a person who seemed to be concerned with giving pleasure and knowing how to deliver it. The initial gentleness shown by the woman between her legs had transformed to something more urgent and demanding. Liz was now licking and nibbling in a very energetic and almost aggressive manner, ramming her tongue into the wet opening as deeply as it would go before drawing it roughly up her slit to an engorged clitoris. Gwen wanted to take hold of the woman's head and force it deeply into her as her orgasm drew close, but Natalie's sighs and undulating hips told her the hand between her legs was appreciated where it was. Besides, she was sure Liz would react poorly to being forced into the sex she was pleasuring—she was very clearly in control and unlikely to willingly cede that. Gwen's arms could not have obeyed the order anyways as her climax broke like storm surf on the beach a moment later. Soft, warm, feminine bodies surrounded her, cradled her, until the waves passed, and she lay there in the afterglow, basking in the feeling of well-being.  
  
"Welcome back. Good trip?" Liz finally asked from her left.  
  
Gwen nodded, eyes still closed and struggling to bring her breathing under control. "Very. Thank you so much. That was wonderful."  
  
"Good, and the pleasure was mine." The recovering woman's eyes opened in surprise at the kiss placed on her lips, the taste of lipstick now supplanted by the taste of her own juices. The lips withdrew and the body shifted to bring a thigh over her head, giving her a very clear view up Liz's body, past the pussy descending upon her and up the flat stomach, firm breasts and determined face above. "My turn. Eat me."  
  
She had no time to object, somewhat surprised her compliance had been assumed, not that Liz had been wrong. Soft, warm flesh settled itself on her lips and cradled her nose.  
  
"You sweet-talker, you," Natalie said with a laugh, her voice muffled by the thighs beside Gwen's ear.  
  
"What can I say? I know what I want and I like to take charge." Gwen stuck her tongue into the wet folds as Liz steadied herself with both hands on the headboard. "Play with my tits," she ordered, grabbing the hands of the woman she rode and placing them on her chest. Gwen obediently palmed the globes and gently caressed her erect nipples.  
  
"Oh so nice," she hissed in satisfaction, "keep licking." Despite her command, the motion of her hips really didn't give Gwen much of a chance to be proactive, Liz helping with her own satisfying by rubbing her wet folds and clitoris up against the offered tongue and nose. She was close as well and Gwen briefly worried that the spasming sex being pushed down onto her might cut off her air supply before the orgasming woman could recover from her climax.  
  
"Nice," Liz breathlessly repeated as her grinding slowly came to a halt with a shudder. She dismounted from the woman below her and dipped to kiss the face covered in her wetness.  
  
Gwen barely managed to catch her breath before Natalie announced "next" and placed herself over her sister-in-law's head to face the foot of the bed. The blonde leaned forward a bit before gently settling over the waiting tongue, apparently to make herself available to the body that Gwen felt straddle her hips. A finger appeared between Natalie's legs, stroking her, and Gwen ran her tongue over both digit and clit as well as the fleshy lips closer to her mouth. The finger and the tongue combined to quickly send Natalie over the edge. She pushed backwards in her throes, desperate for something solid to grind against, and Gwen managed a deep breath before her mouth and nose were engulfed by wet flesh.  
  
Gwen lay cuddled between the women after Natalie had recovered and climbed off to return to her side of the bed, hands gently caressing skin, no words spoken. The Lady strongly advised she retreat to the guest bedroom, but the feel of warm, soft bodies on either side of her was too much to resist. In the end she remained there with Natalie and Liz, the last to fall asleep. She had never slept in a bed with more than one adult, but it was not the unfamiliarity with the etiquette for this kind of behavior that delayed her rest, it was guilt. She knew it was not the old feelings, her depraved actions since the morning not producing the remorse it would have just a few months ago. It was Tim. He deserves better, deserves more than just little snippets of sordid details to tease him, she thought as she tried to limit her tossing and turning so as not to wake the others. This is all so wrong. The proper thing to do would be to limit her perverse explorations to include only him if she could not ignore her deviant urges altogether; but even the Lady admitted that she had fallen so far as to make that nearly impossible while the Slut declared giving all this up would be ludicrous. There would have to be another way.  
  
She was disappointed the morning did not bring a resumption of the night's events, and although none of the women bothered to dress for breakfast and the recap of the lingerie show did reawaken her arousal, Gwen bowed to Liz's desire to be in charge and so did not suggest another bedroom session. Her thoughts turned to Neal and Gita, if they were awake yet or had even been allowed to sleep, and what they were doing now...  
  
"Whattya think?" Natalie asked with a grin as she finished her coffee. "Picture time?"  
  
Liz rolled her eyes. "I dunno..."  
  
"C'mon, he's been a good sport about all this. I wanna give him a little thank-you gift. It's not like he hasn't seen it—hell, he's put a variety of body parts and fluids in it."  
  
"That was a quite a while ago."  
  
"So you think it's changed since then? Developed some sort of magical aura that would burn his eyes?"  
  
Liz thought for a moment. "You sure he won't think it's something more? Don't tell him I said so, but he really is a good guy. I don't want to tease him and make him think it's taking deposits again."  
  
"I'll make sure he understands. Please?"  
  
She groaned and got up from the table. "Alright, let's just get it over with."  
  
Gwen looked on, confused. "Get what over with?"

"Liz and me are gonna have our picture taken for Adam. You're gonna be the camerawomen."  
  
"Picture? What kind of picture?"  
  
"You'll see." Natalie smiled, grabbed her phone from her purse, and headed down the hallway towards the bedroom. Her sister-in-law followed, still unclear as to what exactly was going to happen.  
  
"Here," the blonde said," handing the phone to Gwen when she entered. "Take our picture."  
  
"If I'm going to do this, I get to be on top," Liz insisted, gesturing to the bed. "You first."  
  
"Alright, alright," Natalie grumbled, lying down on her back and opening her legs. Liz straddled her hips and bent over, her face next to the woman below her.  
  
To Gwen it appeared as though one wide open sex had been stacked on the other. "You want me to take a picture of you two like that?"  
  
"Yup! He'll love it!"  
  
Liz looked down at the woman below her, then back at Gwen. "No faces, right?"  
  
"No faces," Natalie agreed. "Okay hurry up and take the picture—she's heavy. Make it good, remember, this is for my husband."  
  
"You don't seem to mind me on top of you when I make you come this way," Liz retorted. She ground her mons into the woman below for effect.  
  
My brother, Gwen reminded herself as she shook her head in disbelief. I'm taking a picture of his naked wife and her naked friend for my brother. She aimed the phone with shaking hands and clicked the button three times. "Okay, think I got it."  
  
The women got up and reviewed her efforts. "Those will have to work," Liz announced and looked at Gwen. "How about you? Think your husband would like a picture of you and Nat?"  
  
"Me and Natalie? Oh God, no! He's never even seen her naked, much less...no!"  
  
Liz smiled at the woman's discomfort. "So I guess Natalie's not gonna get one of you two for Adam, huh?" She smiled at Gwen's shocked look and discomfort.  
  
No more was said of the matter and the women were on their way home shortly after. The vehicle was quiet, Natalie concentrating on her driving, Gwen mulling over the events of the last twenty four hours and their consequences.  
  
"Natalie, do you ever feel bad that Adam doesn't get to do the same kinds of things you do?"  
  
"Things like what?"  
  
"Things like last night. What we did at Mrs. Danning's, and...after."  
  
The blonde laughed. "He's more than welcome to model for legalbeefcake.com if he's ever asked. I do think he's on the upper end of sexy for a lawyer. And if one of his golf buddies wants to give him a handy, he's free to take that offer too. I doubt that would happen though, guys are kinda funny about anything more than a fist bump or a bro-hug."  
  
"Did you really mean what you told Liz about her and Adam?"  
  
The blonde looked over and smiled. "Of course. It's not like they haven't done it before."  
  
"But not since college, right?"  
  
"Well no, not since then, but that mainly because her ex is the jealous type. She hasn't really had any desire or use for a man since she got divorced, but I get the feeling she's starting to get the itch again. She's worried about the crazies you meet on a one-night stand, and a friend with benefits kind of hookup makes her nervous because if she wanted to get laid when she has the urge she'd probably feel like she has to return the favor when her fuckbuddy comes calling at 3am. I keep making the point to her that Adam would fit her requirements really well. She'd have complete control of when, where and how."  
  
"And you're alright with that? You don't mind sharing him?"  
  
"I put a lot of time and effort into his training," Natalie said with a grin. "You Currans are an inexperienced bunch, but very teachable and eager to learn. I'm happy to share the fruits of my labor with those I trust, and I trust Adam and Liz." Her smile changed, softer and more heartfelt now. "I trust you too, you know."  
  
Gwen smiled back, certain Natalie had chosen her words poorly and was not offering her all the same privileges as Liz. "I trust you, too." That makes you a member of a very select group, she added silently.  
  
It took her a moment to realize the SUV was turning right on to a side road that appeared to cut through heavy forest. "What's going on?"  
  
"Which one did you like best?" Natalie replied, pulling to the side and reaching for her phone. She looked at the screen for a moment, then turned it to Gwen.  
  
One of the pictures she had taken a short time ago was now displayed. "I don't know, they all pretty much show the same thing, right?"  
  
"I think this one," Natalie decided. "It's a little sharper." She typed, pressed a button, waited a moment then put the phone back. "All set."  
  
Gwen eyed her suspiciously. "What did you just do?"  
  
"Sent it to Adam. What did you think I was going to do with it?"  
  
"I don't know, maybe show it to him at home, in private?" She said plaintively, her voice rising. "What if someone sees it?"  
  
"Don't worry, it's his personal phone, not his work phone. I know the work phones can be confiscated for evidence, and I wouldn't want him to have to have to give up who the hotties are in a deposition," Natalie replied with a smirk. "And Adam will keep it private. He's not going to show it to anyone." Natalie wasn't quite sure that had been completely true in the past, but if he had let a few "slip", he had done so discretely. Those had been solo shots, though; she was fairly confident he was not about to show this one to his golf buddies. Still, the thought of him showing off his wife with her friend had produced a delightful surge of fear-based adrenaline. "If someone sees it who shouldn't, no faces, so they won't know it's me or Liz, right?"  
  
"It'll be on his phone! Who else could it be?"  
  
"A sizeable portion of the population has the same standard equipment. Your brother could just be a giant horndog who gets photos of other guys' pussy. Plausible deniability, you know?"  
  
"So why did you wait until now to send it?"  
  
"I wanted to wait until he got to the golf course. It's fun to try and rattle his game. It's also bait so he comes home as soon as he gets done rather than hang out with his buddies in the lounge."  
  
"Do you do this a lot?"  
  
"What, send him naughty pictures? Sure, why not? We both get a kick out of it. He sends me some, too. Wanna see?"  
  
"No!" Gwen cried. "He's my brother!"  
  
Natalie laughed. "I know, I know, but he does have a nice bod for a lawyer..."  
  
"I'm sure he does, but I don't need to see it. What is it about sending dirty pictures to other people? You two, Ali and Jason..."  
  
"It's fun and a gift the person getting them is sure to appreciate. I'll bet Tim would like one..."  
  
"What! You mean like the one you just sent?"  
  
"How about one of just you to start? I think I take a good enough picture for your husband to figure out he's looking at girl parts."  
  
"And anybody else who sees it!"  
  
"No face," Natalie reassured her, "just a smoking hot body. Plausible deniability, right?"  
  
"We can't take a picture like that right now," Gwen reasoned. "We're out in public. Maybe we can do it some other time?"  
  
"We've been here five minutes and haven't seen another car go by yet. It's pretty secluded...you don't even have to get out. Just take your shirt off. C'mon, live on the edge a little. Trust me."  
  
"Yes, this weekend has been absolutely boring," Gwen sniffed before hurriedly looking about, checking for onlookers. "You won't get my face in the picture?"  
  
"No face, just a pair of unnaturally perky boobs. Gimme your phone."  
  
Gwen again looked about, then reached in her bag and handed it over. "Just one," she announced, unbuckling her seat belt. With a final scan of the surroundings, she raced to shed the blouse and bra. "Hurry."  
  
"Perfect." Natalie aimed the camera. " Hey, I've got an idea."  
  
"What? Natalie, take the picture or I'm going to get dressed again!"  
  
"Take your pants off and then put your seatbelt on. We'll make it look like we were driving when I took it. Just do it," Natalie insisted, sensing the woman's reluctance. "The only way anyone could see your cooch is if they walk right up to your window."  
  
Gwen looked around again, then hurriedly shed shoes, pants and underwear. "Don't get my face."  
  
"I won't. Put your foot up on the map pocket in the door, open yourself up a little. Look casual."  
  
"I'm naked, Natalie! How much more casual can I be!" Gwen slouched in the seat and the phone's camera clicked in quick succession. The Lady urged her to get dressed as they reviewed the pictures. "That one," Natalie announced, handing the phone back. "Send that one."  
  
Gwen checked each of the photos for anything that might identify her, finally agreeing with Natalie on the best of a perverted lot. She looked up in panic as the engine roared to life and the SUV began a U-turn. "What are you doing?"  
  
"Going home, unless you wanted to hang out here a little longer."  
  
"Let me get dressed first!"  
  
Her sister-in-law grinned at her. "I dare you to stay like that all the way home."  
  
"Somebody might see me!"  
  
"I doubt it. You're sitting pretty high up. Tell you what—put your shirt on, but nothing else."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because I want you to. Do it," she repeated with an air of authority. "I'll give you a treat if you do."  
  
Gwen grumbled as she slipped on her blouse and slunk deeper into her seat. "If I get caught like this..."  
  
"You won't. There's a blanket in the backseat—I'll let you put that over your legs if you want. Gonna send your picture to Tim? I'm sure he'd appreciate knowing you're on your way back."  
  
Gwen scanned the 2-lane highway for threats, then back down at the phone. She triple-checked the destination she had selected—the idea she might send this to the wrong person was too horrifying to contemplate—and started typing.  
  
For you  
  
Please don't show anyone!  
  
On our way home  
  
Love you  
  
She held off sending it, pondering the wisdom of her action, knowing that once sent it would be very difficult to undo. Tim will love it, the Slut suggested. Something for him for once. With a deep breath, she hit the send button.  
  
Natalie's hand slipped from the gearshift and gently snaked under the blanket to Gwen's bare thigh as she was deleting the last of the photos from her phone. It didn't stop there, the driver's fingers gliding down to urge her passenger's legs apart. "I think you like showing off," she said, gently inserting a finger in Gwen's exposed slit. "You're very wet."  
  
"I'm not showing off...you said nobody could see, right?"  
  
"Yeah, but just imagine if somebody could..." The next two hours were decadent torture as Natalie kept one hand on the wheel and one hand between her sister-in-law's legs, alternating strokes and caresses with periods of inactivity where her middle finger just rested between swollen lips. Gwen eased her seat back and spread her legs to make herself more available in an effort to keep Natalie's hand moving and avoid those moments of frustration when she stopped. The blanket had long since slipped to the floor, but Gwen didn't feel the need or desire to retrieve it just yet.  
  
Natalie was skilled, bringing her passenger ever closer to climax in cycles, exciting then backing down for a bit to slow her climb as Gwen's hips tried to create pressure against the palm that rested lightly on her mons. They were ten miles from the turn into the Nelson driveway when the long-awaited orgasm was finally delivered.  
  
"That was incredible," Gwen groaned before realizing just how close they were to home and scrambling to find her pants, deciding that underwear wouldn't be necessary for the short walk from driveway to the house and stuffed bra and panties in her bag. "Thank you—let me return the favor—maybe if you pulled over somewhere?"  
  
Natalie laughed. "You get very brave after you come! I appreciate the thought, but don't worry, I'm sure your brother will take good care of me when I get home as long as those pesky kids aren't around." She grinned. If I know your brother, between the picture and telling him what we did this weekend I'm pretty sure he's going to make me walk funny."  
  
The SUV pulled into the yard as Gwen was slipping on her shoes. Tim's truck was not there but Eric's was. One of the business trucks was gone—Eric had the emergency duty this weekend, maybe he and Tim had switched? But why would the young plumber be up here on his day off? She reached for the door handle and remembered where her underwear was—hopefully the young man would not come out of the shop to greet her.  
  
"You did great," Natalie told her as she exited. "I'm so proud of you, the way you handled everything. Think you want to model again?"  
  
Gwen got out and turned to look back at her sister-in-law through the open truck doorway. "I would—" she stopped mid-sentence, a look of horror spreading across her face as she spotted the wet patch on the seat cover, dark against the light gray of the fabric, where she had been sitting. "Oh my God, Natalie, I'm so sorry—let me go get something to clean that with—"  
  
"Don't worry about it," the blonde laughed and rubbed her fingers over the stain. "It just looks like you spilled a drink there. It'll dry."  
  
"Are you sure?" I—"  
  
I'm very sure, and I'm glad you enjoyed yourself. You did, right?"  
  
Gwen blushed and looked down. "Yes, I did. It was a lot of fun."  
  
"Good! Then we'll have to do it again. I'll call you tomorrow—I want to hear what Tim thought of your picture."  
  
She waved from the deck as the SUV disappeared down the driveway. Maybe a swim before I make lunch, she thought. Eric is probably in the shop...skinnydipping would be fun but too dangerous, she mused. It might be fun to let herself get caught...she smiled at the little fantasy, imagining the young plumber's embarrassment. The Lady's admonishment that she hadn't felt it necessary to be embarrassed herself was summarily dismissed.  
  
She was startled enough to let out a small squeak as she entered the kitchen and saw a naked man leaning against the counter, his arms crossed expectantly at his chest. Tim had not left after all, a half-smile on his face. "Oh—I didn't think you were here. I didn't see your truck, but I did see Eric's. Is he out on a call?"  
  
"Yup, Eric's out on a call. My truck's behind the shop—I was loading scrap to take down to Manny's when I got your message. That's a hell of a picture of you," he replied, picking up his phone.  
  
She smiled weakly. "How do you know it's me?"  
  
"I've spent years memorizing every nook, cranny and curve of my wife's body, a habit you've made a lot easier recently. I'd recognize it anywhere."  
  
"You aren't mad that I sent it, are you? I know it was risky—somebody else could have seen it—but Natalie thought you might like it."  
  
"Much as I'd love to show that off to all my friends, I think I'm going to keep that one to myself. And Natalie was right." He gestured to his swelling member. "Do I look mad?"  
  
"No, I guess not..."  
  
"The problem with a picture like that," he continued, arms again crossed, "is when you send it you have to be ready to take care of anything that might come up because of it."  
  
Gwen smiled. "That's not a problem to me at all. Let's go to the bedroom. There are some things I want you to know about last night. If you still want me to take care of that—" she motioned to the snake raising its head to look at her—"after, I'll be glad to."  
  
"Uh-oh, that sounds interesting. I want to hear all the details of your weekend, but I really need to take the edge off first so we can take our time after and I can really enjoy every detail, and anyways, it's hard to talk when your mouth is full, if you know what I mean." Tim raised his eyebrows suggestively and grasped his erection, shaking it at her.  
  
Gwen smiled, gracefully dropped to her knees and took him in her hand. "When was the last time you came?"  
  
"Well, uhh..."  
  
"You can tell me. I just want to know how much to expect. You do want me to take the edge of this way, right?"  
  
"Yeah, that'd be nice. And, uhh, if you really wanna know, yesterday morning, right after you left."  
  
So Natalie had been right about that, too! "Really? What Natalie did, did you...masturbate...because of that?"  
  
"Well, uh, yeah! Sorry, but that was hot as hell!"  
  
"Huh," she murmured, studying the cock just inches from her face. Not as big as Neal's, not that size was important, but it was all hers, and that was far and away the most important thing. She felt a deep obligation to satisfy it and the man it was attached to.  
  
"You aren't mad that I saw that, right?" Tim asked, mistaking her concentration for displeasure. "Natalie said I didn't have to leave, and I didn't know she was gonna do that..."  
  
"No, I'm not mad," Gwen replied still studying the veined length she was holding. "Just a little surprised that you liked it. I'm still getting used to the idea that, umm, you like us being together like that." She leaned forward, letting the spongy pink head slide past her lips until they locked around his corona. The tickle of her tongue against his opening made him groan.  
  
Tim's need was urgent and he took control, gently taking hold of the base of her ponytail while he fucked her mouth. Gwen moaned in approval and he occasionally stopped mid-stroke to allow her to remind him of her tongue's talents before gently thrusting again. "Eric's back," Tim grunted as they both heard the sound of tires crunching up the driveway, but he showed no desire to stop or retreat to a more private spot. Gwen grew nervous at the thought of being discovered servicing her man like this, but there was excitement too, the Slut encouraging her to show off her cocksucking talents. The cock's owner was too close to allow much time for that though, and he thrust several more times before stopping, this time with his length pushed as deeply as he dared go without gagging her. Across the yard a truck door slammed and Gwen felt the first jet of salty cream against the back of her throat. She flinched with the first pulse, willing herself not to pull away from the sudden volleys of hot sperm, letting it pool on the back of her tongue.  
  
Tim pulled his length from her mouth even as the last spurt was leaving the tip. "He's coming up to the house," he calmly announced, looking past her through the window. "Since you're dressed, can you see what he wants while I go get some clothes on?" Gwen hurriedly swallowed her husband's offering, wryly noting that her efforts to get her husband to drink more fruit juice seemed to be paying off, and got to her feet. She was struggling to retie her ponytail when Eric knocked. Gwen, cheeks flushed and her brow damp, opened the door to greet him.  
  
"Hi, uhh, Gwen, is Tim home?"  
  
She smiled. At her insistence, Eric had stopped calling her "Mrs. Nelson" just a couple of weeks ago. "He is. C'mon in, he'll be right out. Is everything okay?"  
  
"Uhh, yeah, everything's fine, I just wanted to let him know..." he was momentarily distracted by a little white pearl on her shirt, very visible against the light blue fabric, sitting just above her breast. He knew what it looked like, but it couldn't be that...just his overactive imagination again. It's just spilled ice cream, or mayonnaise. "I just wanted to let him know," her repeated, now worried that he had been caught looking at his boss's chest, "that the compressor on truck two blew a seal."  
  
"Goddamn thing," Tim grumbled, tucking his shirt into his jeans as he came down the hall, "I knew that was cheap shit when we bought it. I think we've got a dead compressor with a good seal in it—at least I hope it's good. I'll swap it out."  
  
"I hope I didn't interrupt anything—I mean, your Sunday," Eric said nervously looking back and forth between Tim and Gwen, noting the pearl was quickly melting and the wet spot on her shirt expanding.  
  
"Oh no, I just finished lunch and was getting ready to feed him," Gwen said, shooting a glance at Tim. "Are you hungry? I can make you something."

"Oh no, thanks, that's very nice of you, but I grabbed something on the way up here."  
  
"Lemme grab my boots and I'll see if those compressors come apart better than they stay together," Tim said, heading back to the bedroom for socks. Gwen and Eric smiled at each other in awkward silence.  
  
"Oh—should I gave you the paperwork from that job now?" Eric asked, thrusting out the multicolored stack in his hands. "Or just put it on your desk in the office?"  
  
"No, I'll take it now," she said, reaching out. The handoff was missed and pink, yellow and white slips of paper fluttered to the kitchen floor. Eric dropped to one knee to retrieve them, but she was faster. The young plumber noticed something else about the loose blouse as it fell away from her body while she bent over to collect the paperwork-Gwen Nelson was braless beneath it. His efforts to help were forgotten as he kneeled there, entranced by how her breasts dangled and wobbled as she reached to bring the pile together and sort them, erect nipples rubbing against the fabric. He ripped his eyes away and rose a second before she did, thankful for this unexpected blessing.  
  
Tim reappeared, stuffed his stockinged feet into the boots by the door and stomped across the yard. Eric volunteered to help with the tear down and rebuild, mumbled his goodbyes to Gwen and followed him out the door.  
  
I still need a swim, Gwen thought as she watched them walk across the yard. Eric was not the type to gossip with the other employees, but she took no chances and selected her most conservative suit and was standing on the pool deck before rethinking her choice. She really disliked the restrictive feel of wet suit—or a dry one, for that matter. Tim and Eric would likely be in the shop for a little while yet; decision made, Gwen pushed the straps off her shoulders and shimmied out of it. She swam for some time and then climbed out to let the sun dry her, gloriously naked and exposed, the Slut daring the men to come up and look. Eric's truck was still in the yard when she returned to the house wrapped in nothing but a towel to wait for Tim, anxious to tell him about her weekend.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 07**

Cricket looked over at her riding companion as Marvin picked his way up the trail in the mid-afternoon heat. "So dinner last night was okay?"  
  
Gwen smiled. "It was better than I expected. I only met them once before—"on a nude beach, the Lady huffed—"but Tim did some work for them and they wanted to get together with us for some reason. They're both very nice people." Bob McCallum's gregariousness had ensured there was no shortage of conversation, and his wife Yvette's easygoing nature had convinced Gwen to temporarily relax her normally guarded nature around strangers. The couples had agreed to get together again for dinner as well as an outing on the lake "sometime soon."  
  
"And Atlanta?"  
  
Gwen looked at the rider to her left. "It was good," she offered, smiling and continuing to look up the trail. She had been deliberately vague about the details of her trip beforehand, only telling Cricket that she was spending the weekend away with a friend. The young woman had rightly guessed it was the "special" friend she had been told about before but had not pressed for any further details, and had not seemed upset that Gwen was spending the weekend with her. Cricket had been more inquisitive when they had talked earlier in the week and had been promised more information when she came to ride on Saturday.  
  
The young rider politely waited for Gwen to add details, but none appeared to be coming and her curiosity would not wait any longer. "So, what did you do there?"  
  
Gwen reined Dart in and studied the young woman, a thoughtful smile on her face. "Cricket, if I tell you, you'll keep it a secret, right? I can trust you?" She knew she could, but it was important she hear it again.  
  
"Of course you can, you know that."  
  
"Alright...have you ever heard of a Naughty Nightie Party?"  
  
"Yeah, one of the girls at the bank invited me to one. I didn't go because I don't have any money to spend on that kind of stuff and nobody to wear it for anyways. Did you go to one?"  
  
"I was a model in one."  
  
The young woman's expression was one of shock. "No way! You modeled lingerie? In front of other people?"  
  
"Complete strangers." Gwen omitted anything more specific about the location and attendees. Cricket knew who Sylvia Danning was, and it had been made very clear that the party's hostess and her guests took their privacy very seriously.  
  
"I can see why they would want you to...did your friend model, too?"  
  
"Yup."  
  
"I can't believe how brave you are!"  
  
"I don't know about brave...I was very nervous, at least at first. It ended up being a lot of fun, though."  
  
"Wow...did you have to wear anything really racy?"  
  
"It was lingerie...and the later it got, the more revealing it got...but I'm sure everybody there had seen a nearly-naked woman before."  
  
"You make it sound like it's no big deal! I would have died of embarrassment!"  
  
"I doubt they even noticed me—there were much more interesting things to look at. One of the other models was a very well-built man—I think he's the one everybody was looking at." Except the ones who preferred something a little more feminine, the Slut reminded her.  
  
"A male model? Really? Did you see, uhh, everything? Did he see you?"  
  
"We were all changing in the same room, so...."  
  
The young woman was shocked, but clearly interested. "When you say well-built, do you mean muscular, or...you know...well built?" She glanced meaningfully down to where her riding breeches met the saddle, then back up again.  
  
"Muscular and big, not that I'm an expert in the sizes they come in." Gwen hesitated, then threw caution to the wind and decided to share a bit more. "They played this silly party game with it--, I mean, him, and, well, they had this thing that looked like a flashlight with a very realistic-looking part of the female anatomy inside—honestly, it reminded me very much of how they collect sperm from stallions—you know, the AV they put in a phantom mare?  
  
"No way! I would have loved to see—" Cricket stopped and blushed at her admission. "Sorry, I mean, I mean I haven't seen many guys naked, and I've definitely never seen one get off like that. One of the guys in college played with himself a little bit when I was getting undressed, but I've never seen a man actually, well, you know. I have this really weird fascination with men's bodies. Maybe it's because I haven't seen many in real life, but they just seem so different, so weird," she sighed. "Sorry, guess I'm just weird little pervert."  
  
"You're not a pervert, you're just curious. If you want to look, look. I think most men like to show off, so I'm sure there are a lot that would be very happy to show you anything you want. Just ask."  
  
Cricket laughed. "THAT would be a very interesting conversation. Excuse me, sir? Could you take your clothes off? I'd like a closer look at your naughty parts. Daniel definitely didn't like to show off, at least not his body, and the guys in college were in too much of a hurry to get busy to let me see much. I'm really hoping there's a horny guy out there who'll get drunk enough to hop in bed with me and keep coming back for more until I figure out what I'm doing. Don't see that happening, though. Maybe if I put the flag over my face he can tell himself he's doing it for his country."  
  
"Okay, that's it," Gwen said sternly. "No more self-pity. I don't want to hear it. You're smart, you're beautiful, and you're not bad in bed, you're just inexperienced." She smiled to soften her words. "You certainly learned what little I've been able to teach quickly. We're going to do something about that self-confidence of yours. I know it's in there; I see plenty the minute you're around a horse. We're going to bring that out in you when you're not." She smiled "As for your lack of experience, well, if you're really that anxious to get some time in that particular saddle then we're going to have to do something about that, too."  
  
"We?" The young rider asked with a smile. "What are we going to do about it?"  
  
"We," Gwen repeated, her jaw set. "And I'm not sure what, but...something." She smiled to soften her tone. "Maybe find you a riding partner with a different set of equipment..."  
  
Cricket smiled back and the two rode on in silence for a bit. "Speaking of riding partners, did you and, uhh, your friend, do anything else last weekend?" She finally asked.  
  
Gwen guessed what anything meant and decided that most of the truth was safe, although she was not ready to discuss her decadent threesome yet. "If you mean after the show, we were both a little worked up, so yes, we helped each other take the edge off. Is that what you meant?" The young rider blushed and nodded. "Are you alright with that?"  
  
"I'm fine—you two are friends, just like you and me, and like you said, that's what some good friends do. Is she, uhh, better at...that...than me?"  
  
"Better? No!" Gwen quickly replied. "Just a little...different. Note better, not worse, just more experienced I'd guess you'd call it, like I'm a little more experienced than you. She gets me to push myself to do things I never thought I'd do, like model at a naughty nightie party. She has so much confidence about the things she does; I really admire that.  
  
But you're different, too. You're young and willing to trust and take chances, things I wasn't when I was your age and something I admire very much in you."  
  
The young woman snorted. "I don't take chances anything like the one you and Tim on me—I'd like think you trust me, and I hope that means he does too. He's really special—I mean, he puts up with me and Marvin—and, umm, us. I'm really glad that things between you two are still good despite that," Cricket said quietly, looking down at the back of the horse beneath her. "I have to believe most men would not be so understanding."  
  
Gwen smiled. "It took me a long time to get to that point in my life that I would take a chance like that, and yes, we both have complete trust in you. Tim really does like having you around. I was not particularly smart when I was younger, but thankfully I was smart enough to realize that he's not most men. I do think spending time with you and—" Gwen stopped herself from mentioning Natalie by name—"my friend has made me more, well, let's just say open to trying new things, and he seems to be liking that a lot. I'm very lucky," she agreed. "I love being with him now more than I ever have," she said truthfully. "It's really hard to describe the feeling...you'll see what I mean when you find the right guy."  
  
"With enough booze and dim lighting—" The young woman caught her mentor's stern glare and stopped. "Sorry, I hope I get to see what you mean. You and Tim seem so in love; I can only imagine what it must feel like to be with a guy who wants to make you happy. At least, it sounds like he's making you happy..." The young woman gave a bashful grin, remembering the sounds that came from her friends' bedroom. "But it also sounds like you make him happy, too."  
  
Cricket spent the rest of the ride peppering her friend for more details about her weekend, Gwen answering vaguely in some cases, in detail in others. The young woman kept returning to Neal, obviously fascinated with the thought of a naked man being almost close enough to touch.  
  
The late-afternoon sun was still above the trees when they returned to the barn, the muffled sound of metal grinding on metal in the shop competing with the songbirds and cicadas.  
  
"Swim before dinner?"  
  
"Definitely," Cricket groaned. "It was so muggy today! My shirt is soaked!"  
  
"It was pretty hot today. Let's go get something to drink and grab some towels." Gwen pulled her own sodden shirt away from her skin in a vain attempt to let the sweat beneath dry. She smiled to herself, remembering the first time Natalie had solved the problem by stripping off both shirt and bra, and how shocked and impressed she had been with the casual self-assuredness her sister-in-law had seemed to exude. Gwen's smile widened, and she unceremoniously pulled off her own sweat-soaked top and jog bra while her young friend watched in amazement. "Much better," Gwen announced, heading off towards the house. "Even a little breeze feels so nice on sweaty skin!"  
  
"Aren't you afraid somebody will see you like that?" Cricket asked breathlessly, hurrying to catch up.  
  
"Nobody here but you, and you've seen my breasts before," Gwen replied. "I hate the feel of wet clothes."  
  
"Isn't Tim in the shop?"  
  
"He's seen them before, too."  
  
Cricket giggled. "If you're the cautious one, I can only imagine how much self-confidence your friend has! Got any you can spare?"  
  
"You have to grow some yourself, just like I've been doing."  
  
Juice and water were more deemed more appropriate than wine for hydration before they retreated to their rooms to change. Gwen stripped off her soaked breeches and stood looking at the bikini on the back of the bathroom door, lost in thought, absentmindedly biting at her lower lip. There was another moment's deliberation before she came to a decision, emphasizing it with a firm nod. She grabbed two towels from the linen closet and knocked on Cricket's door. "Are you decent?"  
  
"You've seen them before," Cricket joked. "Come on in."  
  
Gwen stepped into the room and Cricket froze, her threadbare one-piece bunched around her hips. "Are we going to swim?" the young woman asked in confusion, wondering if her friend's lack of clothing meant she had something else in mind before they went up to the pool. The dangerous excitement of an orgasm here and now, with Tim so close, overrode common sense.  
  
"Uh-huh. I'd rather not wear a suit, if that's alright with you. But only if you don't wear yours, either," she added hurriedly. I don't want to be the only one like this."  
  
"Now? Tim's here! If he comes up while we're swimming he'll see us--me!"  
  
"He's seen naked women before," Gwen reassured her. "I promise he'll be a perfect gentleman."  
  
"I don't want to embarrass him..."  
  
"I really don't think you will, but I understand," Gwen said quietly. "I'll go get my bikini."  
  
"No, don't," Cricket replied. "It's your house. You should be able to swim however you want. Are you sure he really won't mind?"  
  
Tell you what," Gwen said, handing the young woman one of the towels. "I'll go talk to Tim and if he doesn't think it's a good idea then we can come back and get our suits. But I'm sure he'll be fine. There's nothing to be embarrassed about." The Lady snorted derisively.  
  
Cricket took the offered towel. "I don't know..." She took a deep breath and pushed the suit down around her ankles. "God, I can't believe I'm doing this."  
  
"Meet you up there," Gwen said with a smile and headed across the yard.  
  
She waited in the shop doorway until he had turned off the grinder so as not to interrupt his concentration while his fingers were so near the spinning machinery. "Tim?"  
  
The ceiling fans above the bay were turning at full speed but that still not enough to keep the space cool, and his gray shirt was dark with sweat. He continued to scowl at the piece of metal he held, obviously not satisfied with his progress. "Yeah?" Tim turned and froze at the sight of his wife in the doorway, naked save for the towel slung over her shoulder.  
  
"Cricket and I just got back. We're going for a swim."  
  
His eyes widened. "Uhh, okay? Both of you? Like that?"  
  
"Yes. I just wanted to warn you in case you were thinking of joining us—Cricket didn't want to embarrass you."  
  
"Oh, uh thanks, yeah," he mumbled. "So you want me to stay down here then?"  
  
"You look pretty hot," she replied, kissing the cheek of the stunned man before turning away. "Come up and swim with us. Or if Cricket was right you can go up after we come down to make dinner. Up to you."  
  
The young woman was primly sitting on the edge of one of the deck chairs, her towel wrapped about her. "Did you tell him?" She said anxiously, eying the naked woman.  
  
"I did," Gwen replied, tossing her towel on the table, "He might come up after he finishes what he's working on, if that's alright with you." She descended the pool's stairs, finally diving forward when she was waist deep. The young woman stood and looked about anxiously, dropping her towel as she hurried to the water's edge and over the side in on motion. The water would offer at least some concealment if and when Tim did come up, and she alternated between treading water and hanging on the concrete lip should he appear unannounced.  
  
He did appear five minutes later, cautiously climbing the hill, carefully looking about as his eyes came even with the pool deck. Cricket saw the top of his head bob into view and dropped lower in the water, her chin just above the surface, as the bare chest beneath the head appeared. Another few steps and his waist and the blue swim shorts he wore were now visible. The young woman was disappointed that he was wearing a suit, not wanting to admit that she had hoped for just a peek of him, just a peek—anything more would be rude—but the thought of seeing what Gwen got to play with every night had her interest. Her own body was not much to look at, but it was all she had to offer in return for seeing a naked man up close and now it seemed he was not going to fulfill his part of the imagined deal.  
  
Tim willed himself to concentrate on Gwen as he stepped through the gate. "I, uhh, wasn't sure what the dress code was..."  
  
"Your choice, right Cricket?"  
  
Tim used this excuse to look to the young woman for confirmation, struggling not to appear as though he was staring. The fading light and rippling water made seeing what was below the surface difficult, but it was clear enough for his active imagination to be convinced that she was nude.  
  
"You shouldn't have to be the only one wearing something," she said with as much calm as she could muster. "It's your pool." He looks as nervous as I am. I don't know how Gwen can be so calm.  
  
Tim hesitated, looking at his wife one more time, Gwen just looking back and smiling patiently. Cricket's nerve failed her at the last moment and she averted her stare in a reflexive nod to his modesty as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his shorts. Tim was somewhat relieved by the young woman's sudden interest in the fence to her left as he pushed them down and dove into the pool in one motion, hugging the bottom before surfacing next to Gwen.  
  
There was awkward silence as the trio did their best to appear nonchalant while treading water, Cricket and Tim both concentrating on keeping their sneak peeks at each other to a minimum. Tim failed at this more often, and he occasionally caught glimpses of little bullseyes atop pert mounds of flesh and a dark smudge between kicking legs. The head bobbing between his own legs has no such concerns and fought to come up for a better look, and its owner was thankful for the cool water both aiding and hiding his battle to restrain it. Tim clearly saw Cricket's bare back and pale buttocks break the surface as she kicked off one end of the pool and the battle was renewed. You saw all those naked women on the beach last year—hell, you saw Yvette jerk Bob off— and managed not to get a hard on, why is this so different, he admonished himself. Because you've jacked off imagining that naked woman sixty-nining with your naked wife, he answered truthfully.  
  
Gwen was more nervous than her friend had assumed, but she was still the most relaxed of the trio. She watched both her husband and friend sneaking glances at the other before studying the deck furniture intently when they had to surface for breath or ran out of pool to swim away in. "I was thinking steaks and a salad for dinner," Gwen announced, and the others, each at opposite edges of the pool, quickly gave her their complete attention. "Tim, could you go start the grill? We'll be down in a couple of minutes and we can do the rest."  
  
"Uhh, sure," he said, thankful his cock had taken a short break from its efforts become the center of attention. He pushed himself up from the water and on to the pool deck in one fluid motion. Cricket could not resist watching his muscular legs and buttocks emerge, thighs spreading as he put a knee on the warm concrete to climb out before standing, and she was rewarded with a glimpse of the backside of his drawn-up testicles. He hurried to his towel and wrapped it about him, grinned sheepishly at Gwen after another surreptitious glance at Cricket, then disappeared through the gate.  
  
"Hungry?" Gwen asked, making her way to the pool steps.  
  
"Very."  
  
The pair stood on the deck, drying themselves. "If we keep going without suits," Gwen said casually as she toweled her hair, "you're going to have to look at him sometime."  
  
"What? I wasn't—"  
  
The older woman laughed softly. "I know. You both were doing everything you could to avoid looking at each other. It's alright to look—it's just Tim. I thought you wanted to see what men looked like without so many clothes?"  
  
"I do, but that's your husband!"  
  
"Yes, he's my husband, but I trust you and he's still a naked man. Not a bad looking one if I say so myself, although I'm a bit prejudiced." Gwen smiled innocently and wrapped the towel about her, a blushing Cricket doing the same. Smoke was already wafting from the grill by the time they got to the deck, and glasses of wine were sitting on the kitchen table for them.

"Be right back—I'm going to get some shorts and a t-shirt," Gwen said helpfully after taking a sip, sensing the young woman was uncertain about post-skinny-dipping etiquette. Their past swims had usually gone from pool other naked activities...  
  
Tim was waiting in their room for her, towel still wrapped about his waist, uncertain as well. He followed her lead as she pulled out something loose and comfortable, foregoing underwear, and were back in the kitchen when Cricket joined them similarly attired. He noted the young woman's lack of a bra and smiled at the thought. There wasn't even a shirt over them a few minutes ago and you were still too much of a pussy to look.  
  
The air cooled rapidly as the sun set, and they sat down to dinner on the deck. It was a quiet affair and there was an all-around feeling of fatigue and well-being, but a tinge of awkwardness remained. "I'll tuck the horses in tonight, if that's alright," Cricket finally volunteered, rousing herself from her chair and collecting dishes. "Marvin got a little cut on his forelock today—probably a stick or rock or something—and I want to make sure it's alright.  
  
"Of course," Gwen answered quietly. "Go ahead--we'll get the dishes."  
  
Tim was already at the sink, rinsing out glasses when Gwen set down the last of the bowls. "I love you," she said simply, coming up behind her husband and hugging him about the waist. He smiled and continued to rinse; another benefit of his wife's transformation had been her willingness to show physical affection. More gentle touches, more hugs, more quick kisses...the old more proper Gwen had kept physical affection to the required minimum. He liked this Gwen a lot better. "Love you too, beautiful." He turned his head to gently kiss the top of hers, then returned his attention to the glass in his hands.  
  
She laid her head on his shoulder blade. "Were you alright swimming like that today?"  
  
"Yeah, I got used to it," he bluffed with a laugh. "But I hope she didn't think it's always that size, though. You know how cold water makes it shrink up some."  
  
"I'd be surprised if she saw anything. I think she was afraid to look at you."  
  
That made two of us, then. I didn't want to look like I was checking her out. You think she was okay with being naked in front of me?"  
  
Gwen giggled. "I think she was a little shy, but it's alright to look at her. I know it's what men do when there's an attractive woman around, right? Don't you think she's attractive? I think she is."  
  
Tim laughed. "It's what men do when there's a woman around, period. And why do you keep trying to get me into trouble like that? Yeah, she's pretty, just not as pretty as you. I just don't want either her or you to think I'm a dirty old man."  
  
"I won't think that, but you are a man, and I understand that men look." Gwen smiled. "This will sound a little crazy, but she might even be a little flattered if you do. She doesn't think men find her at all attractive."  
  
"Then she's crazy. She's very cute. Just not as cute as you."  
  
Gwen slid both hands down under the waistband of his shorts to cradle his balls and shaft. "You say the sweetest things. Maybe you can say some dirty things for me later?"  
  
"How dirty?" Tim put down the last glass, happy to stay where he was and let her continue to play with his rapidly-stiffening cock. "And how loud?" There was the sound of footsteps on the deck and he waited for the hands to withdraw. Tim cautioned himself not to turn around until the beast Gwen had awakened quieted.  
  
The screen door squeaked opened and the hands retreated deliberately. "Oh, sorry, didn't mean to interrupt anything," Cricket chirped, making no effort to go back out.  
  
"It's alright," Gwen said dreamily, her head still on Tim's shoulder. "Everything alright out there?"  
  
"Well, I really hate to bother you, but, umm, I'm not sure about that cut. It looks bigger than when I turned him out this afternoon.  
  
Gwen lightly patted her husband's rear. "I'll go take a look. Be right back," she told him, letting the young woman lead the way to the barn.  
  
"It's a clean cut," Gwen said, kneeling next to the big horse. "Some antibiotic cream and a couple layers of gauze to keep the flies out while letting it breathe. Want me to wrap or hold his head?"  
  
"You hold I'll wrap," Cricket replied, rising and heading for the tack room for the necessary supplies. Marvin proved to be a brave patient if a bit melodramatic, allowing Cricket to work without interference while resolutely staring forward, occasionally snorting and trembling.  
  
"That'll work," Gwen said as she again knelt and examined the bandage. "We'll change it in the morning."  
  
"Thank you," Cricket said. "I'm going to stay with him a little bit longer until he calms down. You should go back to whatever I interrupted. You are going back to whatever I interrupted, right?"  
  
Gwen smiled and turned to leave. "We'll keep it down."  
  
"Please don't on my account."  
  
"Everything okay?" Tim asked, looking up from the TV weather report at the sound of feet in the kitchen.  
  
"Everything's fine," she reassured him, "just a clean cut. You know how Cricket worries about that horse."  
  
"Yup. She's just like you that way," Tim said with a grin, rising from his easy chair. "Coming to bed?'  
  
He led the way, looking back and noting the door Gwen had left half open. She stripped, lay down and let him pull her to his body. Their kiss was relaxed and lingering, a sign to each other that both had needs but neither was urgent. The screen door slowly screeched open and shut at the other end of the house, followed by the muffled thud of the kitchen door. Tim removed his lips from her breast and looked up, wanting to make sure the naked woman he held was not having second thoughts about privacy now that her friend was almost certainly in the hallway. She didn't seem to even hear the doors, gently pulling him back to her nipple before reaching between their bodies to lightly drag her fingernail up his length.  
  
Cricket cursed the creak of the screen door as she slowly opened and closed it. Only the light over the stove remained on, a sure sign Gwen and Tim had gone to bed ahead of her as she had hoped. She removed her boots as quietly as she could manage, turned off the light and headed for her bedroom, hopeful that Tim and Gwen would make love tonight and that she was in time if they did. The sound of their lovemaking was so incredibly erotic, so primal and passionate, and she loved the feelings listening in produced . That she was listening at all was both mildly disturbing and wildly exciting, and she rationalized that Gwen's tacit approval of her sexual peccadillo made it not quite so perverse.  
  
Cricket stopped to survey the situation after she turned the corner. Their bedroom door was partly open, most likely intentionally and as an invitation, she told herself. She started quietly down the hallway while reviewing her plan. Stop at her door for to see if anything could be heard and perhaps escape unseen if one of them came out, only move a bit closer if absolutely necessary.  
  
Cricket moved slowly, curbing her impatience, not wanting to risk detection. The corner of their bed was visible this time from where she stopped by her own room, their door open wider than last time but still screening her from the bodies on the bed. It was safe enough here; She could hear them talking but their murmurs were indistinct. The door was still mostly closed, she convinced herself, she could get closer and hear a little more clearly...if you're going to be a deviant, be committed to it, she thought grimly and shucked off her clothes, tossing them in her room while cursing her definitely abnormal libido for getting her into these situations. Cricket took a deep breath, held it, and crept closer.  
  
The door was open wider than the time before, enough so she could see the edge of the dresser against the far wall and the mirror above it. Another small step forward and she was less than a foot from the door, being careful not to bump it and reveal her presence. The gap between the jamb and door was wide enough so that the entire dresser could now be seen. There was movement in the mirror's reflection, and Cricket recoiled as she realized the tilt and width of the glass afforded a partial view of the bed and the two bodies on it. She thought about moving back a little, both to leave them at least a little privacy while also avoiding detection herself. I've already invaded their privacy, she countered, and the hallway's dark, so they probably can't see me, and besides, they're kinda busy...she stayed where she was.  
  
She justified her decision by telling herself the view wasn't that great anyways. The mirror's angle only showed the upper halves of the two naked bodies, but the sensual curves of the part she could see were obviously Gwen, lying on her side with her back to the mirror, visible from her midsection on down to her knee. A hand attached to a hairy arm lay across her hip, alternating between caresses and squeezes of a visible buttock. Gwen placed her thigh over Tim's and the hand retreated between the two bodies. Cricket could guess where it had gone.  
  
The young woman was close enough to clearly hear Tim's bass rumble. "You're really wet. Is that from swimming?"  
  
"We went swimming a few hours ago. I'm wet because of you. And you're rock-hard. I thought you said cold water had the reverse effect?"  
  
"We went swimming a few hours ago," he laughed softly. "I'm hard because of you. You make me that way even in cold water."  
  
"I saw it trying to rise to the occasion once or twice while we were up there," Gwen said with a smile as she began to delicately stroke the shaft with just thumb and index finger.  
  
The news alarmed Tim, especially with their guest most likely listening in. "You did? Shit! I'm sorry, I was really trying to keep it under control. You don't think she saw it, do you?"  
  
Gwen laughed. "Don't worry, like I said, I don't think Cricket saw much of anything, and if she did, well, she's seen one or two before. If she hasn't learned yet that thing has a mind of its own, then I'm sure she will, just like I did. Maybe you should just let her see it so she doesn't get the wrong idea about its size. Or would you rather I just tell her how big and hard it gets?"  
  
The young woman listened with amazement, intrigued by the thought of his erection in plain sight for all to see. Gwen had obviously been the cause of it, he had said so, but it would have been interesting to see it all puffed up regardless. She doubted he would take Gwen up on her offer to openly display it, but it was fun to imagine. Her finger dipped to her slit. Wet, and definitely not from the pool, Cricket mused. She silently begged Gwen to move and let her see what she had missed earlier.  
  
The conversation lapsed and the only sounds were the couple's kisses along with occasional groans and sighs of pleasure. She could see the top of Gwen's hips beginning to undulate against the finger that was surely inside her in a way Cricket had seen before, when she had been the cause of it. Her friend laid back and disappeared below the bottom of the mirror, revealing the man by her side. Much to Cricket's disappointment the mirror cut him off at mid-hip as well, his manhood frustratingly just out of sight.  
  
"Lick me first?" Gwen asked softly, and Cricket saw a knee come up and out to open the way.  
  
"Love to." Cricket saw Tim roll to his knees and crouch between his wife's unseen legs, his cock hidden behind his thigh. "You have a beautiful pussy, I ever tell you that?" He bent to gently kiss it.  
  
"You have," Gwen admitted, "but I think Cricket's is prettier."  
  
Tim hesitated for just a second, unsure how to respond, very aware of what she had seen, touched and tasted. He wouldn't mind comparing the two side by side before officially declaring Gwen the winner. Maybe even throw in Natalie's for the sake of competition..."Then she's got one hell of a pussy," he finally offered, "because this one is a ten." He lay flat to allow his tongue full access, and his body disappeared behind her raised knee and beneath the mirror's edge.  
  
"How did you get so good at that?" Gwen hissed in pleasure as her hands massaged her breasts.  
  
"Inspiration," came the muffled reply. "I get serious about the things I like to eat. Didn't you see me demolish that steak at dinner?"  
  
"Keep eating," Gwen breathed, "please don't stop."  
  
Cricket's finger was turning circles on her clit as she listened in. The young woman was both pleased to know that Gwen thought her sex was pretty and embarrassed that the man between her friend's legs now knew as well. She had never blamed the boys in college or even Daniel for not going down on her; it was a pretty scary part of the body after all, even to those who had been born with one. Cricket remembered how she had paused the first time Gwen's had been inches from her face, and it was both lust and a sense of obligation that had compelled her to kiss it. She smiled as her finger continued to strum. I don't stop and think about it first any more, she thought. The feel of her tongue gliding over warm, wet, pliant flesh and the hard nub above was thrilling, and Tim was right—Gwen did taste good. To her, it was the taste of sex itself.  
  
The woman on the bed was drawing close, the lazy twitching of her knee becoming more spastic and her breathing becoming more labored. "Tim, don't stop, please don't stop, so good," Gwen babbled, her words flowing from the certainty Cricket was listening, loving the thrill of performing. "I'm coming-coming-coomminng," she chanted, and the orgasming woman's knee flopped on over on the head beside it. She coo'd through her climax, for Cricket's benefit as much as her own, then announced its completion with the sigh of a course well run. Her leg dropped to the mattress as Tim came up for air behind it. Gwen's fingers lazily played in his hair. "That was wonderful," she murmured.  
  
"Maybe you could give the little guy a kiss?" Tim suggested as he rose and flopped over her outstretched leg and on to his side. Cricket caught just a frustrating glimpse of his shaft and pink tip before it disappeared below the edge of the mirror. He lay back as Gwen rose and moved down his body. Her head dipped to his waist, and the young woman knew what she was about to do. She had overheard the older girls in school and the riding academy talk about blowjobs. Nothing she had ever heard about them had been good. There had been several not-so-private conversations about the odious task of giving them, and more importantly, what had been expected in return. Her classmates had used them as a form of currency, demanding rides to the mall or party invitations in exchange for even putting "that nasty-looking thing" between their lips and nothing Cricket had ever heard since had dispelled that notion. Gwen appeared to be happy to accommodate her husband's request though; it must be true love to say yes to that, she thought. Either that or she owes him for something. The idea that Marvin's continued stay might be paid for this way briefly crossed her mind. She could see the top of Gwen's head gently bobbing up and down, occasionally stopping and holding still. At least he's not gagging her, the young woman thought. One of the girls at school had complained about nearly throwing up on an overzealous partner. Tim's contented groans turned to sharper hisses and grunts during these breaks, and Cricket guessed her friend was not idle during these breaks.  
  
"Come on up for air and let me fuck that perfect pussy," Tim finally groaned. "You got me pretty close to poppin'."  
  
Gwen removed his cock from her mouth. "Would it be alright if I finished you this way?"  
  
"You sure? Everything okay?"  
  
"Everything's fine. I want to taste you."  
  
"No way. Really?"  
  
"Really."  
  
"Huh. What do you know about that. Then hell yeah, have at it." Gwen resumed her bobbing, a bit more energetic this time.  
  
Cricket listened on in shock, understanding what her friend was about to do and that she had actually volunteered for it. Some of the girls in school had described how they would take pity on their partners and finish him with her hand; other boys were brought to the edge and left to finish themselves. But as bad as their cocks, looked, they tasted worse. To actually let them do that in their mouth required much more in return--concert tickets or a ride to the mall AND a new pair of shoes, at the very least. Their "cock-snot" had a nasty consistency to it and tasted vile, the girls had commiserated, laughing about how many pairs of shoes it would take to actually swallow it, not that they ever would do such a thing, the girls always assured each other. And yet Gwen had asked for it. Maybe this is a trade after all, the young woman mused, and wondered if the expense and effort that was Marvin's unpaid room and board was temporarily forgiven via this type of transaction. I'd do it myself if she let me, Cricket decided, not that Gwen would ever in a million years allow that. It would definitely be a dreaded and unpleasant task, but it would be a small price to pay for Marvin's food and shelter. Her finger moved faster, occasionally dipping to spread more wetness over and around her already-soaked labia as she imagined forcing herself to perform such a task.  
  
She could still see the top of her friend's head as Tim gently held it. Gwen was bobbing in a steady cadence and Cricket imagined the older woman's lips sliding up and down her husband's shaft. "Jesus, you suck cock so good. You been practicing on somebody else?"  
  
She removed him from her mouth long enough to answer, and Cricket got a glimpse of her face as she came up for air. "Just you. Practice what you love, love what you practice  
  
"Hell, you can practice as much as you want. You ready for me?" Tim groaned as she returned to the waiting length, his hands tightening their grip ever so slightly.  
  
"Mm-hmm." Gwen kept up her efforts until the hands stopped her efforts and his primal urges took over.  
  
"Here it comes," he announced with a grunt, careful to keep his thrusting controlled so as not to gag her. Make it a good experience, at least as good as taking a load down your throat can be... "Shit, here it comesssss..."  
  
Cricket heard him give out a long, strangled groan followed by grunts clearly in time to his pulses, exhaling to announce the end of his orgasm. All was silent for a moment and she saw Gwen rise from her task, her cheeks flushed as she moved up to lay next to her recovering husband. What did she do with it? The young woman wondered. I didn't hear her spit it out—maybe she used her hand at the very end, although the fact her head remained so close to the "barrel of the gun" might have been dangerous as well. Taking that in the face would not be pleasant! She couldn't have swallowed it, right? Hay and feed aren't cheap, she reminded herself. I wonder how many of those equal a month's worth of room and board? Swallowing would certainly add value. The young woman could sense her own climax approaching and felt the need to finally give the couple some privacy now that their performance was over. She retired to her room and waiting Magic Wand to continue hers.  
  
Gwen snuggled under Tim's left arm and wrapped herself around her man. He makes me feel so good, she thought, basking in his warmth and security. Why the hell did I wait so long to find all this out?  
  
"Gawddamn, you are so good at that," Tim finally murmured, hugging her tight. "You make it hard to decide which way to come."  
  
"Take turns," she replied sensibly, returning his embrace. "Nothing says you have to stick to one way. You can do whatever you want whenever you want."  
  
"Be careful when you say that," he said with a chuckle. "I have a hell of an imagination." Tim lowered his voice to a murmur. "Think our friend heard us?"

"I'm pretty sure she did, yes."  
  
"Think she's still listening?"  
  
Gwen hopped off the bed and swung the door open to reveal an empty hallway. She could hear a soft buzzing. "No."  
  
Tim shook his head at the open doorway and chuckled. "Don't you think she might see us that way?"  
  
"She'll be busy for a little bit."  
  
"Busy? Doing what?"  
  
"You know. Relieving an urge. Taking care of business." She lay down next to him and lowered her voice. "Masturbating."  
  
Her husband's eyes flickered in surprise. "Yeah, I guess that's why she was listening, huh?" He hesitated, thinking his next sentence over carefully. "You can go help her if you want,."  
  
It was Gwen's turn to show surprise. "Really?"  
  
Tim's expression remained calm. "Mm-hmm."  
  
Gwen rose from the bed, never taking her eyes from him. "You sure?"  
  
"Go on ahead. Just come back when you're done. Sorry, but you still have to sleep with me. House rules."  
  
"I'd be very happy to do that," Gwen said with a smile. "I'll go check on her—I'm sure she's got things well in hand—" she blushed at her choice of words and Tim smiled. "Are you sure?"  
  
"Yup. Go check on our houseguest."  
  
Gwen continued to look back for some sort of recall even as she knocked on the young woman's partially closed door. "Cricket? Are you decent?"  
  
The buzzing stopped. "Oh, uhh, hold on..." she paused and there was the sound of rustling sheets. "Come in."  
  
Gwen peeked around the door before entering. The young woman lay under the covers, only her head showing. An electrical cord was visible in the dim light, running from a nearby outlet and under the blankets. "Sorry to interrupt," she said with a nervous smile, moving to the woman's side, "but, umm, I could give you a hand with that, if you want—unless you'd rather not, of course!"  
  
Cricket looked up at the nude woman in astonishment. "But you and Tim...just... does he know you're here?" She asked in a harsh whisper.  
  
"He thought that I should come check on you." Gwen gently dropped to one knee and kissed the young woman. Cricket knew where those lips had just been and thought she could taste something different, a hint of saltiness maybe... "Unless you'd rather have some privacy."  
  
"No, I'd like you here, but...Tim really doesn't mind?"  
  
Gwen replied by kissing her again and slipping a hand under the covers, gliding down over her breasts and stomach as Cricket's legs opened to greet her. Wet flesh surrounded her middle finger as it slid down and found the young woman's opening, her hips bucking urgently in response. "Are you close?"  
  
"Uh-huh..."  
  
Gwen's hand renewed its efforts as she pushed the blanket back a little further and began to bathe a nipple with her tongue.  
  
"Oh..."  
  
Gwen was in no hurry, but Cricket was and came five minutes later, legs trying to squeeze the hand between them while she let out a soft wail. The older woman gently kissed the spent woman's nipple and cheek before pulling the covers back up over her. "Good night. Sleep well. See you in the morning."  
  
Tim had waited until she had disappeared into the guest room before grabbing his resurgent cock. I thought only teenagers could get it up again so quick, he mused with no small sense of pride, casually stroking as it returned to its full glory. He was tempted to leave his spot on the bed, to creep closer and perhaps listen in as Cricket had done to he and Gwen, but decided not to push his luck. He was content to remain there, the door open as Gwen had left it, imagining what the young woman's reaction would be if she came out of her room now and saw how big he really was. He was rewarded with Cricket's high-pitched cry a few moments later, and Gwen returned a moment after that.  
  
"Everything alright?"  
  
"Everything's fine now."  
  
Gwen lay down and began to stroke her husband's fresh hardness. Tim shrugged apologetically. "Sorry, told ya it's got a mind of its own."  
  
"And where does it have a mind to go this time?"  
  
Cricket smiled as she stumbled across the hall to the bathroom, the unmistakable sound of two people having sex coming from behind the partially-closed door. I guess Tim was alright with her coming to check on me. She lingered, not needing to move any closer—the light was off now anyways, probably not much to see—as the sounds of Tim's thrusts and Gwen's answering gasps were perfectly clear from where she stood. She could imagine him between her friend's widespread legs, taking her, owning her, and his orgasm was the exclamation point to his claim of ownership. Cricket's second climax that evening was slower in coming, but that was by choice. The day and evening and all the what-ifs played over and over in her head until she could hold off no longer.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 08**

Cricket slept well after her second orgasm of the night and the house was still quiet when habit awoke her at dawn the next morning. She lingered in bed, parting her legs and idly running a finger over the wisps of hair on her cleft while mulling over the events of the previous evening. The anticipation and then the sounds of Tim and Gwen making love had inflamed her arousal to a point where good decision-making had become difficult; the door they had left open to make listening in more convenient had made it impossible. What they did not know, and what was nagging at her now, was that the open door had allowed her to watch as well. She had not seen that much, really, she reasoned, and her imagination had been busy filling in details, but she had seen enough to know it was certainly something she should not have witnessed. The young woman struggled between vows to never do it again and ways to improve her view the next time.  
  
She could hear stirrings in the bedroom at the end of the hall and hurried to dress, intent on being the first out to the barn and chores. The young house guest was about to step onto the deck and into her muck boots when Gwen made her way into the kitchen dressed in nothing but a t-shirt that ended high up her thighs, and Cricket was thankful her friend's lack of appropriate barnwear meant she would have a head start on turning out the horses.  
  
"I appreciate your enthusiasm, but they can wait a little. It's barely light out there," Gwen told her as she opened the refrigerator to retrieve bacon from the bottom drawer, her makeshift nightshirt riding up and confirming she had not bothered with underwear. "Did you sleep alright?"  
  
"I did," Cricket replied. She glanced in the direction of the hallway and lowered her voice. "I usually do when I, uhh, get all relaxed like that."  
  
Gwen chuckled. "I know what you mean. But you could have slept in, you know. The horses will wait."  
  
"Yes, but you won't. You always seem to get out there first. When I'm here that should be my job-you have to do it all during the week; on weekends it's you who should be sleeping in, not me."  
  
"Habits are hard to break and putting out a little extra feed and hay is not that difficult. He's really a very easy horse to care for."  
  
"Yes, but you're also footing the bill for that extra feed and hay. Until I can pay you two back I insist on using manual labor to keep up with the accruing interest. I can only imagine what you have to do to keep Tim from getting fed up with all the extra bother and expense and putting me and Marvin out on the street."  
  
Gwen turned around, a curious look on her face. "Tim is very happy to have you both here and is certainly not fed up. Why would I have to do anything to make sure he's not?"  
  
Cricket hesitated, unsure how to explain how the unpleasant act her friend had performed on her husband must have been some sort of appeasement offering. "Well, I, uhh, just—"she was thankful for the sound of Tim's stockinged feet shuffling down the hallway. Gwen gave the young woman another inquisitive look before sidling up to her husband for a hug. Cricket smiled and pretended to concentrate on her boots just enough to seem polite as his hand briefly strayed to the bare bottom beneath the shirt and squeezed.  
  
Breakfast was a hurried affair. Tim anxious to be on his way out to the lake for a day of fishing. The women were in only slightly less of a rush to be in the saddle and were on their way up the trail forty five minutes after his truck had disappeared down the driveway. Marvin made his displeasure known at being left behind to recuperate from his cut, his snorts and bellows clearly audible for some time as the riders followed the winding path up the hillside.  
  
"Sorry, I never realized how much noise he could make," Cricket said apologetically. "Hope no one complains."  
  
"Everything sounds louder in the early morning. It's the country," Gwen replied patiently. "We can hear the neighbors way down the road shooting some times, and the noise from their 4th of July party carries all the way up to our house. They'll be fine—they probably can't even hear him." She smiled at her young companion. "Things seem louder in a quiet house, too. I hope Tim and I weren't too noisy last night?"  
  
Cricket blushed and studied Dancer's neck. "No, not at all. And uhh, thank you, for uhh, helping me out after."  
  
"You're welcome, but thank Tim—he's the one who suggested it."  
  
The young woman's blush deepened. "I can't believe he did that!"  
  
Gwen continued to smile. "You know he likes the idea of me, umm, helping you. He was, well, very happy to see me when I came back—he seemed very concerned that you had everything you needed."  
  
Cricket giggled. "I guess you told him I had been very well taken care of. Sorry, I went to the bathroom after and heard you two, uhh, doing it again. I never knew men could, umm, be ready to go again so quickly!"  
  
"I know it sounds terrible, but he probably got all worked up thinking about what you and I were doing while he was waiting for me...I'm finding out he's got a very active imagination...I hope that doesn't sound too creepy."  
  
"Not really. Having you come visit was very exciting for me, so why not him? Listen Gwen, I have a confession to make..." The older woman looked over expectantly as Dart continued to pick his way forward. "I, uhh, well, your door was open kind of wide, and uhh, well, I saw you and Tim in the mirror..." Cricket panicked at the sight of the older woman's raised eyebrows and the words began to tumble out. "But just the first time, not the second, I wasn't even trying to look, I swear! I'm sorry—I really didn't see much—the angle was bad—I'm really sorry! I know it was a very rude thing to do but I couldn't help it! It's bad enough that I was listening in, but now I'm a peeping Tom, too! You deserve at least a little privacy in your own house! I'm really, really sorry!"  
  
"Cricket, relax—breathe, you're spooking Dancer," Gwen said with a gentle smile. "It's alright. I'm glad you told me. And since we're being honest with each other—I knew you were watching. At least, I thought you were. I saw you in the mirror and I figured if I could see you then you could see us."  
  
The young woman's expression changed from panic to surprise. "You saw me?"  
  
"Uh-huh. I'm sorry it wasn't something worth seeing—I would think watching two old naked people grind up against each other would have made you run away in disgust."  
  
"Stop that! You aren't old and you're both very attractive, even naked, especially naked! I thought it was beautiful, and sexy, and-" she hesitated, trying to regain some control, then quietly added, "At least, what little I saw. Like I said, I really couldn't see much anyways, just the tops of you and only when you were lying on your side. But what I saw was not disgusting! My perversions are, though."  
  
Gwen smiled and looked down at the neck of her own mount. "I think we all have our little perversions. I know I do. It's taken me a long time to admit that. But I also have to admit I've grown to like them in a very weird way. I know this will sound really bad and really conceited, but I, uhh, in case you haven't guessed, I like to be heard AND seen sometimes. But only by people who want to hear and see! You were looking last night, so I let you watch and I even showed off a little. How's that for perverted?"  
  
Cricket smiled back. "Sounds like our perversions are a good match for each other. How long did you know I was out there?"  
  
"I saw you when I, umm, went to return the favor after Tim took care of me. I saw your face, and it looked like your shoulders were bare, so I guess you weren't wearing a top, right?"  
  
Cricket shrugged. "Worse than that. I wasn't wearing bottoms, either. Sorry."  
  
Gwen laughed. "Really? You were completely naked? That's so exciting! I'm impressed."  
  
The young woman shrugged again as her cheeks flushed crimson. "So you, ahh, saw me and you, uhh, still did—that-for him?" Her eyes glanced down meaningfully to where her crotch straddled leather. "You put your mouth on it, right? I saw you put your face near his, uhh, down there, but I couldn't see anything after. I just heard Tim and it sounded like he really liked whatever you were doing."  
  
"Yes, that's what I did and yes it does seem like he really likes it. Don't you like it when I do that to you?"  
  
Cricket giggled nervously. "I love it. And I love doing that to you," she added quickly. "But is it the same for you with Tim? Do you like doing that for him, I mean? I've never any woman say they actually like doing that. I guess if you love someone enough, or owe them enough..."  
  
Gwen laughed. "Up until not too long ago I would never even have imagined putting that thing in my mouth! But, I guess my imagination got wilder, I tried it and yes, I really like doing it... I think I'm getting better with practice. It's hard to explain, but I get this feeling of being slutty, doing something I'm not supposed to be doing—what would our customers, our employees think if they knew I did that! I like the feeling of control I get, and that's all mixed up with knowing how appreciative Tim is. You'll see what I mean some day."  
  
Cricket shook her head and giggled. "I doubt it. It's probably going to be a long while before I even get close to one and sorry, I can't imagine actually liking it...but if whoever ends up with me likes it that much, then I'll suffer through it and do it for him. Did you, uhh, well, I guess he finished while you were down there?"  
  
Gwen smiled and glanced sideways. "Mm-hmm."  
  
"I know it's really rude to ask, but you used your hand to get him to finish, right? Not your mouth?"  
  
It was Gwen's turn to blush. "No, I left it right where it was. It makes me feel even sluttier."  
  
"Wow! I didn't hear you gag or spit or anything!"  
  
"I did gag a little the first couple of times I did that. But now that I know what to expect, I just hold on to it until he's done then I swallow it. That drives him crazy." The Slut purred wickedly.  
  
"Oh my God! Really? Now I'm impressed! I always heard that stuff tastes terrible!"  
  
"I can't say I'd rather have that over a piece of chocolate or a bowl of ice cream, but I've gotten used to it in small doses. Natalie says you can make it taste better by having a man drink fruit juice, so that's why I'm always after Tim to finish his OJ at breakfast."  
  
"Wait," Cricket interrupted, "Natalie? You mean Natalie your sister-in-law?"  
  
Gwen cursed herself, afraid she might have let her secret slip while the Lady broke into her vindication dance. "Uhh, yes, her, she's a nurse so that's probably how she knows that."  
  
"You talk to your sister-in-law about sex—oral sex? If I talked to Daniel's sisters about that, first they would have called me a whore and then they would have assumed I wasn't getting pregnant because I was too stupid to know where my husband's blessed offering was supposed to go! Is your whole family that, umm, open, with each other?"  
  
"You've met my parents," Gwen deadpanned. "No, Currans are not supposed to have those thoughts and we definitely do not discuss them. Ever. Luckily, Natalie is not a Curran by birth, so she's somebody I can talk to about things like that."  
  
Cricket lowered her voice. "Have you ever talked to her about your friend...or me?"  
  
Gwen looked over. "Uh-huh. She knows about you and me—I mean, my friend and you and me—you know what I mean. I hope that's alright. I trust her very much. Besides, well, she has the same type of, umm, relationship with some of her friends."  
  
Cricket shook her head. "I'm actually flattered you would admit, uhh, you and me, to anyone. I had never heard of anyone being, uhh, being friends the way we are, but it sounds like it's more common than I thought. Guess I'm still pretty naïve. Everybody has secrets, I guess."  
  
"You just have some catching up to do. I'm finding out there are a lot of things that go on behind closed doors."  
  
The young woman smiled. "Or half-open ones."  
  
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Marvin heard them returning well before they were in sight of the barn and resumed voicing his displeasure with his rider's betrayal. The young woman stayed behind to offer her apologies and Gwen climbed the hill to the pool alone after a stop at the house to strip down and grab towels.  
  
Cricket followed along soon after, pleased to see Gwen had not chosen this day to wear a suit. "When do you think Tim will be back?"  
  
"Probably not to until later this afternoon," Gwen replied, lazily backstroking away from where her still-clothed friend stood by the pool's edge. "He usually wants to get his money's worth if he goes through the trouble of putting the boat in."  
  
The young woman needed no further convincing and hurried out of her sweat-stained riding clothes. They relaxed in the cool water for some time, taking turns on the pool raft to dry and warm a bit before immersing themselves again.  
  
"Tim was worried that you might have gotten the wrong impression about, umm, what you might have seen when we were up here yesterday," Gwen casually announced as she heaved herself on to the float.  
  
"I was trying not to look," Cricket defensively reminded the older woman. "What was he afraid that I might have gotten the wrong impression about?"  
  
"Certain things...male parts...sometimes shrink in cold water," Gwen said, slipping into her instructor voice. "And pool water can be cold, so...I think men are very concerned about their equipment size. I thought maybe you knew it does that, but he seemed concerned you might think he's smaller than he really is. I thought it looked fine, but he seemed a little worried." More than fine, the Slut felt the need to add. Almost like it was trying to summon the courage to show off.  
  
"Oh—no, I didn't know that, at least not exactly. I saw a TV show once where they made some jokes about that, but I didn't really knew exactly what that meant. I've never seen a real one that wasn't already hard, so I have no idea what's small and what's not, anyways. But like I said, I didn't see anything either way. So it really does that? And it's noticeable? "  
  
Gwen hesitated before confiding to her friend. "Don't tell Tim I told you, but it can get really small sometimes, almost like it's trying to hide, and then it's back to normal in just a few seconds! It's amazing how quickly it can change sizes. See, you're catching up already!"  
  
Cricket laughed. "I guess I can sympathize with him? If my breasts did that, I'd probably look like I don't have any at all!"  
  
"You and me both," Gwen agreed. "But I never minded having small breasts. I know how KD has to wear certain very restrictive bras when she rides so their bouncing doesn't become a nuisance. I'm glad I don't have to take those precautions." A mental image of Natalie galloping across the field topless, boobs flying in all directions, came to mind. KD's had to be about the same size...  
  
The young woman giggled. "You always have such a positive outlook. Anything else I should know about a man's equipment? Does it breathe fire or perform magic tricks?"  
  
"Depends on what you consider magic. And I'm sure the next man you take a liking to is going to show you things I have no idea about. In which case, I will expect you to catch me up."  
  
The young woman followed her host's example and did not bother with a towel when they made their way down to lunch, wondering what someone would think if they were to pull up the driveway now and see two naked women casually strolling down the hill. Clean t-shirts were slipped on before they prepared their meal, Cricket's well-worn garment not quite covering her bare bottom. She realized that as they sat to eat that any visitor now would require her to remain sitting..  
  
Cricket stretched and yawned as they finished lunch. "I really should get going. I'm getting sleepy just sitting here, and I still have to drive home and study."  
  
"You got to sleep late and were up early," Gwen offered. "Why don't you take a nap here so you're alert for the drive?"  
  
"I've been in your hair long enough for one weekend. I'm sure you have things you have to get done, too."  
  
"I really don't want you driving tired. Tell you what—I could use a nap, too. Let's both take one."  
  
Cricket weighed her decision. "I will if you will." The young woman let her host go down the hall first, unsure if napping meant occupying separate beds, greatly desiring Gwen's body next to hers but not wanting to seem forward by asking. She stopped at the door to her room and looked at the master bedroom hopefully.  
  
"We can share a bed, if you want," Gwen said, not bothering to turn around. "Plenty of room."  
  
They lay down side by side, Cricket staring at the ceiling, finally summoning the courage to initiate the physical contact she needed after Gwen rolled to her side and away from her friend. She moved behind the older woman and put her arm over the fabric-covered waist, snuggling into the warm body beside her. Gwen snuggled back.  
  
"This is so nice," Cricket said contentedly. "I never knew how good another person's body could feel next to mine. Daniel hated physical contact. How do you not spend all day like this with Tim?"  
  
"We have a business to run," Gwen sighed. "By the way, you feel good, too."  
  
"Thanks." The young woman tried to wiggle even closer to the body she was wrapped around, her mound grinding into the tailbone it was pressed against. The bed did feel good and the ride, swim, and food had made her sleepy, but the need of something a little more physical to relax grew from a spark to an open flame.  
  
Gwen wiggled back. "That feels good, too."  
  
Emboldened, Cricket's hand slipped down the cloth-covered waist until it reached bare skin and reversed course, pushing the edge of the shirt up as she gently caressed her bedmate's smooth flank.  
  
Gwen rolled back over, her face just inches from her friend's. "Need some help with something?"  
  
Cricket avoided eye contact, fearful she had overstepped her bounds. "Well, if you'd rather not..."  
  
The older woman responded by gently kissing her. "I could use some help, too." Her hand began its own journey under her partner's shirt. They took their time, neither in a rush, each relishing the feeling of soft feminine hands and lips, the feeling of closeness, all swirling together into a powerful aphrodisiac. It took some time, but Gwen was the first to bring her hand down to caress the spot where the other woman's legs met.  
  
"Gwen?" Cricket asked, breaking their kiss as she opened herself slightly to welcome the touch.  
  
"Hmm?"  
  
"Your vibrator..."  
  
"Would you like one? The wand or the rabbit?" she asked, abruptly withdrawing and rolling away to reach for her bed stand drawer."  
  
"Actually, I've never seen you use one—on yourself, I mean. Would it be alright if I watched you, you know, us it—I've never seen it done and I want to make sure I'm doing it right," Cricket added hurriedly.

"If it feels good, then I think you're doing it right," Gwen said with a smile. "But if you really want to watch..." She pulled open the drawer. "Any preferences on what I use?"  
  
Cricket got to her knees and to a spot on the bed she thought might be out of the way. "Whatever you like best."  
  
The wand was selected and plugged in, and then the shorter, fatter dildo was placed next to it. Gwen carefully stacked several pillows against the headboard and reclined on them after removing her shirt. "Ready?" she asked the woman kneeling at her feet. "Can you see alright?"  
  
The young woman smiled. "The view is wonderful."  
  
"Good." The older woman closed her eyes, laid her head back and began running her hands over the bare skin of her stomach and legs. Her observer continued to kneel, barely breathing while her own hands primly rested on the tops of her thighs, entranced by the sight of the beautiful woman pleasuring herself before her. Gwen's fingers smoothed and circled, drawing close to her breasts and down and over the insides of her thighs. Her nipples were erect before they had even received their first welcome caress, and her legs opened to allow better access to her most intimate spot as well as the gaze of the woman at the end of the bed. She dipped a finger into her opening to draw some moisture up her cleft and over her clit; the finger returned a moment later and buried itself deeply while her palm pressed into her mound.  
  
It remained there while the other hand reached for the dildo, moving after the rubber invader had been properly aimed for entry. "Sometimes I use my vibrator for a little bit first," Gwen explained, her eyes still closed, "but today I want something in me right now so I'll start with this instead." Her delicate labial lips were sucked in by the veiny shaft as it was inserted, grasping at the length, until the faux testicles were firmly pressed against the flesh below her opening. Cricket could see Gwen's finger tucked up behind the sack, tickling...her anus? Not that, she decided, she would never touch herself there.  
  
"It looks so big from here," the young woman breathed, "like it's splitting you apart! I never thought of it stretching so wide!"  
  
"Babies' heads feel like they're splitting you apart," Gwen softly corrected, "this makes me feel...full...in a good way. Do you ever use the one I gave you?"  
  
"Yes," Cricket admitted with a blush. Used it, studied it, fantasized about something just like it dangling from a man crouching between her widespread legs as he prepared to impale her.  
  
"Then you probably know what I mean about the full feeling. It feels good, right?"  
  
She giggled. "It really does. I just never imagined it looked like that in me."  
  
The vibrator buzzed to life, and Gwen gently touched each nipple with the bulbous head, breathing in sharply from the sensation. "My chest gets so sensitive when I'm aroused," she offered. The hand holding the wand gently touched it to her mound while the other began to slowly move the penis inside her. The rhythmic stroke of the cyberskin cock and the delicious torment of her clitoris had Gwen's hips twitching, then bucking in little time. The cock fucked her and she fucked back, pistoning it in and out while the vibrator growled angrily under the strain of being pushed into her clit.  
  
"Ahh-ahh-ungh—UNGGHhhhhh..." Cricket swore she could see her friend's sex convulsing around the rubber penis, just as she had felt it do about her finger when she had brought Gwen to orgasm. Knees and thighs came together involuntarily, trapping both dildo and vibrator as the climaxing woman rolled to her side.  
  
And then it was over. "Sorry," Gwen said weakly, turning off the wand and slowly pulling the length from her still-tingling sex, "I got a little carried away there."  
  
Cricket watched her friend's lips close as the tapered head of the glistening cock withdrew beyond them. "I loved it—that was beautiful! So powerful!"  
  
"Addictively powerful," Gwen agreed, getting to her knees. She reached for Cricket's shirt, gently pulling it over her head then patting the freshly-vacated indentation on the pillows. "Your turn," she said with a gentle smile. "Let me check your form—make sure you're doing it right."  
  
The young woman hesitated, unsure, now aware her plan had not been thought through this far. She had never been comfortable being the center of attention, always dreading group situations where she might become the one all eyes were on. The fear of failure and embarrassment had always been present whether riding competitively or being called on in school. And yet here she was, at her most vulnerable, being asked to perform the most intimate act she could imagine for another's review. Gwen did it for me, Cricket scolded herself. I wish I had half her confidence. And I owe her the same trust so time to find some confidence of my own. She willed herself to lay back, legs together. "Promise you won't make fun of me if I do it wrong?"  
  
Gwen smiled. "I won't make fun of you and I don't think you can do it wrong. Let me watch."  
  
Cricket flopped her head back and committed herself to action. She closed her eyes and began to stroke her body, subconsciously mimicking what she had just seen Gwen do. Not being able to see the naked woman lounging on her side at the end of the bed, head propped up on a hand and watching, made bringing her arousal to the surface a bit easier, and she briefly wondered whether riding into the show ring with eyes closed might have had the same effect on her nerves back then. It was not much of a stretch from there to imagine herself naked astride Marvin while a hundred spectators watched her canter. She stifled a laugh and began luring out the orgasm she knew lay in wait.  
  
Her hand was soon between her legs, gently teasing her clit. "I think yours is prettier," she offered, unwilling to open her eyes and look at her friend.  
  
"My what?"  
  
"Your, uhh, vagina...I heard you tell Tim you thought mine was prettier, but I don't think so."  
  
Gwen laughed. "So you did hear that. Well, I think yours is, but I think we're both overly critical of ourselves. I never really looked at mine and just assumed it was ugly and should be avoided, always but then I really looked closely at my friend's, uhh, pussy and thought it wasn't ugly at all." Miss Ritter's had always seemed an extension of the woman herself, cold, severe, maybe even a little dangerous and scary, like it would bite if not properly administered to. It had been Natalie's that had changed her opinion, her sex flowery and warm and inviting, just like the owner. Cricket and Liz had only reinforced her new appreciation for that powerful symbol of femininity. "I've come to realize how unique and mysterious and beautiful they are. And yours is certainly beautiful. In my humble opinion. And I hope you don't mind me telling him that."  
  
"I'm a little embarrassed you'd tell him, but's that's all right—it's a very nice thing for you to say. Cricket softly admitted, briefly imagining him standing at the end of the bed and judging for himself, "I know you like to be honest with him about us; I can see where that might be part of it."  
  
The women lapsed into silence, Cricket's heavy breathing punctuated with soft squeaks and grunts.. She found the vibrator very powerful and the dildo very filling, and despite her performance anxiety, she found the climax she had been searching for a short time later.  
  
"Now for a nap?" Gwen asked , gently massaging the young woman's foot and toes as she recovered.  
  
"Couldn't move if I wanted to."  
  
They did not bother to redress, spooning with each other as their contented, rhythmic breathing lulled them to sleep. Neither was quite ready to awaken when the sound of a truck in the yard an hour later gave them no choice. Both were quickly up, Cricket the more panicked of the two although Gwen had her own pangs of guilt from feeling a tinge of excitement at perhaps being caught red-handed.  
  
"I guess I should get dressed and get going," the young woman offered as she scrambled to her feet, a weak smile on her face.  
  
"Sure you don't want to stay for dinner?"  
  
"Thanks, but I'm already into my study time...Gwen?"  
  
"Hmm?"  
  
Cricket hugged the older woman. "Thank you for everything—for being my friend, and for being my teacher."  
  
Gwen laughed. "I'm hardly a qualified instructor! I'm still very much in learning mode myself! I'm just a little more...experienced at the moment."  
  
"You're so wrong," the young woman insisted. "I have already learned so much just being around you. Ever since I was a teenager I felt like I was going to have to figure out this world all on my own, but I don't feel that way any more. It's like I've been given a fairy godmother. Thank you."  
  
I've never heard of a fairy godmother stripping off her clothes and having sex and every opportunity, the Lady grumbled. Gwen hugged the warm body to her. "You're making me out to be more than I am. This is just what friends do. But you're welcome. And thank you."  
  
The young woman broke the embrace and hurried to her room, unwilling to be caught naked by the man whose bed she had just been in. Gwen threw on the t-shirt she had been wearing and went to greet her husband.  
  
"Heya," he called out as he stepped into the kitchen and kissed her cheek. "Weren't you wearing that when I left? Did you ride today?"  
  
"We did," Gwen replied airily, her nose wrinkling in displeasure. "We went riding, took a swim, had lunch, and we just got up from a nap. And you need to get out of those clothes and into the shower—you smell really bad."  
  
Tim grinned. "I thought you liked my manly smell?"  
  
"Manly is nice, fish and gasoline is not. Did you hug a salmon?"  
  
"No salmon in the lake, but I did have a fling with a huge bass—you should have seen it!"  
  
"I can smell it," Gwen complained, theatrically waving her hand in front of her nose, "please go shower. Don't put your clothes in the hamper—leave them on the bathroom floor I'll put them straight into the wash!"  
  
He continued to grin. "Where's Cricket?"  
  
"In her room, changing and getting her things together to leave. Now go," she ordered.  
  
Cricket joined her several moments later, bag in hand. "Guess I should get going," she said with a sigh of resignation.  
  
Gwen turned from packaging leftovers for the young woman to take and gave her a smile. "Can you do me a favor before you go?"  
  
"Of course, anything!"  
  
"Can you get Tim's clothes from the bathroom and throw them in the washer while I finish this?"  
  
"Sure. He's in there now, right? I can wait until he comes out."  
  
"I know you need to get home and study. He won't mind if you just pop in and grab them. They're on the floor, at least, that's where I hope he remembered to leave them.  
  
Cricket looked uncertainly at Gwen's back. "Really? I mean, he's in the shower, right?"  
  
"It sounds like it. It's no big deal—you saw him in his birthday suit yesterday."  
  
"I didn't really see anything," the young woman quietly reminded her.  
  
"Just go and grab them—you'll be in and out in no time!"  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"I'm very sure. Go on."  
  
Cricket began the trip down the hall, looking back at her friend one last time to see if this was some sort of prank. Gwen did not look up from the plastic bowl she was intent on emptying. The door to the bathroom was open when she entered the bedroom, the sound of running water splashing off something very clear now. She hesitated, wondering if she should knock first to announce her presence, calculating the odds that Tim wouldn't even notice her. The young woman held her breath and slowly poked her head around the door, afraid her calculation had been wrong and the man in the shower stall would question why this woman was invading his privacy unannounced.  
  
She resumed breathing. Tim was turned away from her, the rivulets of water running down the glass only slightly impeding her view of his muscular back and shoulders with just a hint of middle-aged roll sitting above well-defined butt cheeks, thighs and calves. Cricket crept forward towards the pile of clothes, her eyes still on the naked man to her left, openly admiring his nude body. She watched him vigorously soap his midsection, occasionally reaching and scrubbing between his legs, watery globs of lather dropping to land with a splat on the wet tile. Cricket smiled and wondered if Gwen ever helped him with that task.  
  
She took her time collecting the various articles of clothing, alternating between not wanting to get caught and hoping he might turn around so she could see if warm water had an effect on him as well. The collected items were gingerly held at arm's length as she finally retreated, her eyes on the naked man behind the glass until he disappeared behind the door. Once free of the bathroom, she hurried to the washer to deposit her collection.  
  
"All set," she called out with all the casualness she could muster as she returned to the kitchen, cheeks flushed from the experience giving her true feelings away. Cricket kissed the woman at the sink. "Tell Tim I said thank you and goodbye?"  
  
"You didn't tell him yourself?"  
  
"He had his back to me and was busy cleaning up and I didn't want to interrupt."  
  
Gwen smiled. "I see. I will, then. You'll call this week?"  
  
"Of course!"  
  
"You better. Be good and be safe." She kissed the young woman on the cheek, and the kiss was returned. She handed her a shopping bag of containers. "And don't forget to eat!"  
  
Tim, dressed in shorts and a t-shirt, padded into the kitchen a few moments later on his way to the refrigerator and a beer. "I saw you didn't waste any time putting my stuff in the wash. Thanks. She in the barn?" he asked, nodding at Cricket's still-present car in the driveway.  
  
"Barn," Gwen confirmed. "Checking on Marvin's cut and leaving a detailed note for me about its care, I would guess."  
  
Tim chuckled. "Good thing, 'cuz God knows you've never treated those hayburners' boo-boos before."  
  
"Did you go at the beach we went to while you were at the lake?"  
  
He smiled. "Naw, wouldn't be the same without you." Tim put down his beer and took her in his arms. "Maybe next time we can go together?"  
  
"If you want..."  
  
"I also saw you got some of the things in your nightstand out while I was gone. Just for you, or did you share?"  
  
"We shared. Did you want to hear about it?"  
  
"Dumb question. Did you want to wait until Cricket heads out?"  
  
She smiled, broke his embrace, took his hand and pulled him towards the bedroom. "No."  
  
Tim grinned back and allowed himself to be led.  
  
"Take your clothes off," Gwen commanded as she pulled her own shirt over her head. "Lay down on your side of the bed."  
  
"That's the Gwen I know and love," he said, still grinning. "Taking charge. Take your clothes off! Take a shower! Take your clothes off again! Might as well just stay naked all the time."  
  
"Might as well," she said distractedly while retreating to the open doorway. "Lie on your side," she ordered, studying the mirror over the dresser across the room. "Lie on your back now." Scowling, Gwen went to the mirror and adjusted it, then went back to her spot by the door. "A bemused Tim complied, his cock pulsing in anticipation as she nodded her head and joined him, leaving the door to their room wide open.  
  
Gwen could see the slightly quizzical look in her husband's eyes. "Cricket not only listened in last night, she could see us, too," she explained, gently wrapping her fingers around his erection.  
  
"So she was right outside the door, huh? That girl's stealthy. And rather than shut the door so she doesn't see us again you made it easier?"  
  
Her hand stroked. "The way the mirror was she didn't see much—I think I saw more of her than she saw of us. I know you don't mind her hearing us—are you alright with her seeing us, too? I'm pretty sure she liked it."  
  
"I'm beginning to think you like it as much as she does?"  
  
Gwen's hand stopped mid-stroke, afraid that his question might be tinged with anger. "Sorry, I didn't know until she was there, and I'm sorry I didn't tell you then, but I thought it was exciting to have her watch me, and I wanted her to see you, too. I've always thought you were so handsome, and I wanted her to see you too, and how lucky I am to have you. I'm sorry—I know it sounds like I'm teasing her, but she really did say she liked watching both of us."  
  
His hand found hers and gently urged it to resume its travel up and down his cock. "You don't have to apologize, I'm just a little surprised, is all. Both at her watching and you wanting her to see us like that. Looking at you, I get. I do it all the time. But me, I don't think there's much to look at."  
  
"Oh yes there is. I've never told you this, but after we got married, I would always sneak peeks at you when you were getting dressed or were in the shower. I felt like it was wrong to be looking at you naked, but I couldn't help it—you looked so, I don't know, manly, and I was so lucky to be married to someone so good looking! I knew it was conceited, but I couldn't help it."  
  
"How long did it take you to get bored of peeking?"  
  
"I never got bored. But once I stopped thinking it was wrong, I stopped peeking and just started looking. I like that so much better."  
  
"Huh." Tim rolled over in between legs that opened to welcome him. "So, if she saw me do this—" he emphasized his point by burying his length in one smooth stroke—"you'd be okay with that?"  
  
Gwen closed her eyes and bit her lip. "Uh-huh."  
  
"And if she came back in the house right now—"he withdrew and thrust again, this time with a little more force—"you wouldn't make me stop?"  
  
"N-no..."  
  
He pistoned his cock twice more and grinned. "If she's still out there saying goodbye to Marvin, maybe I should take you out on the deck and bend you over the railing. Let he get a good look at her friend getting fucked."  
  
Gwen quickly opened her eyes and giggled nervously. "I'm not quite sure I'm ready to go that far! Being seen is one thing, making a spectacle of ourselves is another! I like it here."  
  
If Cricket comes back in the house now, she's gonna be scarred for life watching my ugly naked ass piledriving into her best friend, Tim thought. But if she wants to look, let her look,. He was not gonna stop for anything until he came. He imagined their young houseguest standing in the doorway—naked, of course-as he emptied himself into his wife's welcoming cunt, her hands on his ass urging him deeper, obeying the primal command to leave his seed just a little closer to its ultimate goal. Tim was embarrassed by his disappointment when he looked back over his shoulder after his last convulsive shudder and found the hallway still empty.

**A New Way of Seeing Things Pt. 03 Ch. 09**

"Ow-ow—urghhh, right there."  
  
Natalie, astride her sister-in-law's back, smiled. "Too much?" she asked, her thumb working into the sore muscle under the shoulder blade.  
  
"No, that's fine. It feels better already, thank you," Gwen groaned, relaxing to the feel of firm yet feminine hands massaging her back. She had casually mentioned the pulled muscle while the two women were lounging in the pool after their ride; Natalie quickly sprang into action, insisting they go down to the house and "let her see if she could work out the kink." She smiled. It was not too long ago she would not have even considered taking her shirt off in front of another person yet now she had agreed to lay naked beneath her equally-naked sister-in-law without a second thought, welcoming her baby-oil slicked hands as they kneaded and caressed.  
  
"Did you get your check from Cho?"  
  
Gwen nodded. "Mm hmm." The Lady had scoffed at their loss of decency and dignity for a relatively small amount, but the Slut had declared the experience priceless.  
  
The woman on her back smiled. "Did you get anything else from her?"  
  
"A gift certificate. For a Custom Cock, whatever that is."  
  
"I got one of those too, the first time I modeled."  
  
"So what is it, exactly?"  
  
Natalie laughed. "The latest in technology. The dick of your choice, turned into a dildo by 3D printer. They do a laser scan of your chosen subject, then it gets printed out. Incredibly life-like, right down to the color."  
  
"So you had one made? Of Adam?"  
  
"Of course! He was a good sport about it and I think he enjoyed showing off like that in front of the technician, but he definitely had some concerns about lasers and his favorite body part."  
  
Natalie continued to work the shoulder blade while pushing oil further down the back towards where her spread sex rested on Gwen's tailbone. "So, another night out with Mr. and Mrs. Handjob tomorrow?"  
  
Gwen smiled but didn't open her eyes. "The McCallums, yes. They invited us to dinner at Café Twenty-One."  
  
"It sounds like you're not looking forward to it?"  
  
"It's not that, they're very nice people, it's just that I know I'm not the best dinner company. I've never been much for making small talk, and I'm worse at making friends."  
  
"Practice makes perfect. And once you decided to get rid of that stick up your ass, you've done pretty good with the whole friend thing." Natalie lifted herself up and moved down, forcing her knee between Gwen's legs to straddle a thigh. "Let's check the glutes." Squirts of oil landed on bare buttocks. "What an ass," she said with admiration. "Smooth and rock-hard!"  
  
"Yours is nicer," Gwen said with a blush, deflecting the compliment. "Yours is what a woman's should be like. Mine looks like a boy's."  
  
Natalie snorted. "I've got a little more junk in the trunk, but your trunk is packed better." Another dollop of oil, this time in the opening of the valley between her cheeks. A finger quickly pushed it down between the tight globes, down over Gwen's anus, stopping just short of her other opening and her free leg reflexively twitched open wider in invitiation.  
  
Natalie reversed course to gently rub oil around the crinkled muscle. Her finger centered itself, paused, then pushed. "Too much?"  
  
Gwen eyes fluttered open as she tensed, then willed herself to relax and allow the invader in. "No, it's fine," she answered, feeling her ring grasp at the digit, caught between welcoming and repelling it. Natalie's palm swung down to allow her thumb might access to her sister-in-law's clit.  
  
"Nope, no stick in there any more. Still death-grip tight, though. Tim ever have trouble getting it in?"  
  
Gwen closed her eyes again. "We only did it that way the one time."  
  
"Surprised he hasn't tried again, but he's a polite kinda guy. Probably waiting for another invitation," Natalie murmured, finger stroking and thumb circling. She had her sister-in-law's lower half twitching against the sensations created by both before she stopped and withdrew. "Turn over. Let me do your front."  
  
Gwen was quick to roll over as soon as the body on her leg lifted out of the way. Natalie waited until the woman below her was settled before straddling her hips and squirting more oil on her pert breasts. She lowered herself, her mound pressing against the mons below it and began to work the oil in. She was gentle, no longer intent on finding sore muscles, casually caressing everywhere she could reach. Gradually her attention focused on her sister-in-law's slickened breasts, touching, then kneading. Gwen's nipples had been standing at attention even before the first touch, and anticipation made them almost painfully hard. Natalie obliged them, first gently, then with a more insistent rolling between oily fingers before being tweaked and pulled. Gwen looked up through half-closed eyes at the breasts above her as they jiggled and pressed together while their owner worked, and her hands had a mind of their own as they came up to return some of the attention she was being given.  
  
Natalie smiled and sighed at the sensation of her tits being so delicately handled. Her hips rose a bit while her chest remained where they could still be fondled, and Gwen at first thought she meant to lie down next to her. Instead, the right leg came back, a knee hooking under her sister-in-law's thigh and forcing her open to lay her sex squarely on the one beneath. Satisfied, she leaned forward to where her breasts dangled over the waiting tongue below.  
  
"Ohh, yessss," Natalie breathed, their mounds grinding against each other. "Nice, huh?" Gwen bit her lip, grimaced with pleasure and nodded, eyes still closed. The blonde supported herself with one hand while the other gently cradled the back of Gwen's head to bring her lips to the offered nipple. The warm tingling and small shocks spreading through her body overcame the fatigue in her arm, and she managed to hold her position until both women reached near-simultaneous orgasms.  
  
"Mmm, very nice," Natalie repeated after she collapsed on to her side and regained her senses. "Your shoulder better?"  
  
"Uh-huh," Gwen agreed, breathing heavily. "Everything's great."  
  
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Despite her worries, Gwen again found herself enjoying the McCallum's company the next evening. As before, Bob was both gregarious and oddly charming, Yvette a bit more reserved yet still able to make Gwen feel completely at ease. The food and conversation, complemented by the wine Bob had selected, was thoroughly enjoyable, and the Nelsons accepted their companions' invitation to join them for a sunset cruise and dinner on their boat some time soon.  
  
The couples lingered in the parking lot after dinner saying their goodbyes, the men off to one side where Bob was busy telling a story about marlin fishing in the Keys while the women stood on the other side of the Nelsons' truck. Yvette glanced in her husband's direction before discretely motioning Gwen to a spot a few feet away. The blonde glanced back at the men one more time, assuring herself they had not been noticed, then put herself between them and Gwen. "Listen, I've been meaning to say...that day we met...on the beach? I really hope we didn't offend you. You looked really uncomfortable with the whole thing."  
  
The Lady harrumphed at the apology. Too little, too late. Should have thought of that before putting on that lewd display! "It's alright," Gwen temporized. "I was just a little surprised, is all."  
  
Yvette chuckled quietly. "I'd say surprised is putting it mildly. And then when Mr. Subtle went over to talk to you...we just figured since you were on that particular beach...well, that you wouldn't be surprised."  
  
A look of confusion swept over Gwen's face. "I'm sorry, what is it about that beach? Do you mean because we weren't wearing bathing suits?"  
  
Even in the dim light of the parking lot Yvette's blush was obvious. "Well, yes, but also, that beach is kind of known for, umm, more risqué behavior—not like the party cove, not that wild, but it's pretty well known as an adults-only beach, if you get what I mean. And since you two were dressed the way you were, we thought you were either there to see or be seen."  
  
"Oh—oh, no I didn't know and neither did Tim, at least I don't think he knew," Gwen stammered, determined to get the truth on the way home. "I thought it was just a place where people came to, well, where they could get some sun."  
  
"It's that," Yvette admitted, looking at the pavement, "but it's also a place where people can come and discretely, umm, be a little less inhibited. Bob likes to show off a little, and I guess I'm an enabler...again, I'm so sorry. You and Tim are really nice folks, Gwen, I—we—really didn't mean to offend you."  
  
"I'm not offended, really."  
  
"Are you sure you still want to come out on the boat with us? I promise we'll keep our clothes on and our hands above the table at all times," Yvette said with a smile.  
  
Of course I still want to come. It sounds lovely. And you can dress however you want—I mean, Tim and I weren't wearing anything on the beach, either. We skinny-dip in our pool at home all the time, so it's no big deal!" Gwen said with forced bravado.  
  
The blonde smiled. "Then it's a date."  
  
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"I never get tired of looking at you in that dress," Tim said as he kissed the back of his wife's neck after they had stepped into their bedroom. Gwen had questioned him on the way home about how much he knew about the beach, his eyebrows arching in surprise at the revelation they had been the audience for a show, but insisted the only thing he knew was that people were occasionally in their birthday suits there.  
  
Gwen felt the hands on her waist move further down, gently grasping the hem of the little black number. The dress came up, and she raised her arms to assist in its removal. Tim dropped the garment and whistled. "Wow!" he exclaimed, a finger playfully pulling back the band of her thong to let it gently snap back against the small of her back, "wish I'd known you were practically nekkid under that thing!"  
  
"At least I was wearing a bra," she replied, reaching behind to unclasp it. "Yvette wasn't. The waiter kept trying to look down her cleavage all night."  
  
Tim's hands were faster, beating her to the clasp. "Really? I hadn't noticed," he lied. "And to be honest, I think he was splitting his attention between her and you. He couldn't decide which one to stare at."  
  
We were both old enough to be his mother," Gwen protested. "I'm sure he wasn't looking at me, at least."  
  
"I wouldn't count on that. Experience matters," Tim said with a chuckle, his hands now on her bare breasts. "Young men like learning when the conditions are right..."  
  
Gwen put her foot on a chair near the bed and reached for the strap of her high-heeled shoe, the ones she had worn while modeling. "And how would you know that, mister?"  
  
"We have a bunch of testosterone-filled employees, I hear things," he said with a laugh. "Leave 'em on. At least for a little while longer."  
  
Gwen smiled and straightened. "Is it alright if I take this off?" She asked, putting her thumbs in the waistband of her thong.  
  
"Uhh, yeah, that'd be a good idea. Probably be in the way otherwise."  
  
She took her time, slowly pushing them down, bending at the waist to get them to her ankles rather than letting them fall. They were around her calves when she heard him gasp.  
  
"You were wearing that all night?"  
  
Gwen stopped where she was, holding her pose, hoping the light was glinting from the faceted glass between her cheeks. "Ever since I got out of the shower before we left. Do you like it?"  
  
"Hell, yeah." He stepped behind her, hands running over her ass and between her legs, gingerly touching the plug. "Something else Yvette wasn't wearing, I'll bet."  
  
She straightened, turned to him and shrugged. "Sounds like we shouldn't assume anything with them." Gwen didn't wait for an answer, sinking to her knees and working the belt now at eye level. Tim groaned in anticipation, knowing he could do it faster but unwilling to interrupt the woman whose mouth was inches from his hard cock. The zipper was next, making an agonizingly slow growl as it was pulled, and then finally the button. Gwen pulled the waistband of his boxers down just enough to reveal the spongy pink head behind it and delicately kissed the tip, her tongue tracing a line up the slit already wet with his secretions; Tim shivered and groaned in response.  
  
His underwear was pulled down a bit more, his shaft still trapped against his stomach at the base. Gwen kissed the exposed length, savoring the trapped smells of soap and male musk, wetting it with her tongue and drying it with her lips. Another gentle tug and his balls hung obscenely over the waistband, forced upward by the elastic trapped behind them. They received her attention too; more kisses, each one in turn gently taken between her lips.  
  
His boxers were lowered again to lay on the pants about his ankles, allowing his shaft to assume its normal 45 degree angle and his sac to hang free. She took him in her mouth as deeply as she dared without gagging and dragged her tongue along his underside as she withdrew. Tim shuddered in appreciation and gently took hold of her head. She was patient, taking her time with his pleasure, until her knees began to ache and she rose.  
  
"Perhaps you should get undressed?" she suggested, moving past him to the bathroom. He watched her go as he hurried to pull things off, high heels and firm legs making the magnificent ass above them bob and sway.  
  
Tim was stepping out of his pants and underwear when Gwen returned and handed him the small bottle she was carrying. She bent over the side of the bed next to him, elbows on the mattress and rear in the air, and looked back expectantly.  
  
Tim looked at the lube he held and then his wife's upturned ass, tearing himself away from the sight to find her eyes and silently express his hesitation.  
  
"I thought you could take out what I'm still wearing and put something else in," Gwen calmly suggested.  
  
"Really?" he asked, arching his eyebrows as he wrapped his fist around an erection that seemed to surge at what was being offered. "You mean like this?"  
  
"Of course that. What else did you have in mind?"  
  
"Well, I wasn't sure if you meant something from your nightstand..."  
  
She let out a small laugh. "Oh God, no! I'd need to go the emergency room after! I think I can handle you, though."  
  
Tim chuckled. "Nice to know having a small dick has at least one advantage."  
  
"You're not small! You're perfect! Those things in the drawer are greatly exaggerated. I can't believe any man is really that big." Although Neal was close, the Slut added needlessly.  
  
He stepped up behind his wife's upturned rear. "Okay, well I guess this needs to come out first." Tim delicately grasped the glass-and-steel handle between index finger and thumb, slowly pulling at it as though he were removing a machine part that might fall out of reach. Gwen felt her ring snap shut as the plug slid out and she contracted the muscle in reflex several times, testing it. Tim imagined he was being winked at and smiled.  
  
Probably need some more lube back there," he said casually as he prepared to go someplace he had never in a million years imagined going until a short time ago.  
  
"I think so," Gwen replied primly, staring at the headboard as she braced herself. She startled at the feel of cold liquid dripping just above her crinkled ring.  
  
"Sorry," Tim said, hurriedly smoothing the lubrication down between her cheeks.  
  
"It's alright, just a little cold."  
  
The finger glided from one opening then back several times as Tim summoned his nerve. Don't want to seem to be in a hurry...he finally, stopped, poised just below the entrance being offered. He gently pushed against the taut muscle with a calloused index finger, the ring grudgingly giving way. Gwen was surprised how tightly she gripped his finger despite having worn the spreader all night.  
  
"Wow, that's tight," Tim grunted, slowly pushing deeper. "You got strong muscles, lady."  
  
"Hmm," Gwen grunted back, her body beginning to adjust itself to his penetration.  
  
His finger stopped after a few more strokes. "Ready?"  
  
"Let's try it..." She was empty again, and heard the snap of the bottle's top. Tim was working the lubrication into his erection when Gwen looked back over her shoulder.  
  
"Thought a little more can't hurt," he said with a weak smile. Tim took a small step forward, carefully aiming the tip of his cock to gently nudge her asshole. Gwen surprised him by rocking backward ever so slightly, the gentle touch now firm pressure flattening his spongy head. Tim supplied some force of his own, and her muscle expanded to take him. He was fascinated by the sight of his cock being swallowed, the incredible tightness enveloping his length telling him just how much he was stretching her. "Okay?"  
  
"Okay," she confirmed, again subduing her body's urge to expel the invader and instead relaxing her grip. Gwen lowered her upper body to the bedspread, rocking back again as she did so to impale him further. Her hand went between her legs to alternate light strokes of the pair of balls hanging within reach with a firmer rubbing of her very erect clitoris. Just as before, Tim was more gentle than when he took her in more traditional ways—when he fucks your pussy, the Slut elaborated—and she was thankful for his thoughtfulness.  
  
Tim didn't need to be energetic; the situation and her grip on his cock were more than enough to bring him to the breaking point. He managed to control the strength of his orgasm, pushing deeply one time and shuddering through his release.  
  
Gwen's desire for her own climax was more urgent than the need to clean up, and she shivered through her orgasm with the help of her rabbit and Tim's stubbly kisses.  
  
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Nobody noticed anything out of the ordinary with her walk as she climbed the stairs to her office that Monday morning, and Gwen had to admit she was not as sore this time as last. I wouldn't do that every weekend, she thought with a smile, but like Natalie said, it's not horrible and Tim really seemed to like it. It's not where it goes, and you know that, the Lady chided, but she was mostly ignored.  
  
The business keeps growing, Gwen thought with satisfaction, and that's good, but the paperwork keeps growing as well, and that's bad. Not for the first time she wondered if hiring somebody part-time to help out around the office would wipe out any gains they had made by adding another truck...riding with Natalie on Fridays took her away from her desk, but that was not something she was ready to give up.  
  
She picked up the phone after the first ring. "Nelson Plumbing, may I help you?"  
  
"Yes, Gwen Nelson, please."  
  
"This is she."  
  
"Mrs. Nelson, this is Rae Rayburn, Mrs. Sylvia Danning's personal assistant? I believe we met at her get-together a few weeks ago?"  
  
An icy ball formed in Gwen's stomach. "Yes, Ms. Rayburn, I remember. Can I help you with something?"  
  
"Please, call me Rae. Mrs. Danning has asked that I invite you to ride with her this Friday—2pm to 4?"  
  
It took her a moment to react. "Me? Are you sure you have the right person?"  
  
The young assistant chuckled. "Yes Ma'am, quite sure. She mentioned your talk with her that evening you were here and that she would welcome the chance to ride with a fellow equestrienne."

"Friday?" Gwen delayed while she formed her response. Sylvia Danning was way, way, way outside her world and only a bit closer to the one she had left behind when she married. Still, growing up in her parents' world had taught her that invitations from someone so powerful and well connected were more like summonses, and to refuse them had consequences. Consequences like KD's scholarship...she looked at the pile of paperwork and sighed. If she worked late all week, she might be caught up enough to take Friday off. "Yes, I believe my schedule is open," she replied, repeating the response she had heard her mother give during her childhood, "please tell Mrs. Danning I would be delighted to ride with her."  
  
"Wonderful! Friday at 2pm it is then. The stables are down behind the house, where you were for the party. Just stop at the gate and the guard will direct you from there. Oh, and Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Danning is running a tight schedule, so if you could arrive a few moments early, should we need to find you more suitable attire..."  
  
Gwen bristled at the implication. "Is this a formal affair, or more of an outing?"  
  
If the young assistant intended any slight, she gave no indication. "Oh, just an outing certainly. You, Mrs. Danning, and myself to tend to anything that might come up."  
  
"I'm sure I have something that will be appropriate," Gwen said coolly. "Shall I trailer my horse?"  
  
"You're more than welcome to, but we have one or two mounts here that might serve if you'd rather not go through the bother. 2pm on Friday, then?"  
  
"I'll be there and please thank Mrs. Danning for the invitation."  
  
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Gwen's next call was to Natalie, who while surprised by the invitation as well, did not feel the same misgivings her sister-in-law did. Tim was more sympathetic, telling her to cancel if she didn't feel like going, but Gwen knew that was not really an option. For her daughter she would play the game she had detested growing up.  
  
She pulled her truck to a stop at the gate a full half hour early that Friday, rolling down the window to speak with the approaching uniformed guard. "Gwen Nelson, here to see Mrs. Danning?"  
  
The guard looked at his tablet. "Yes ma'am. Miss Rayburn will be meeting you. Please follow the driveway to the right past the main house—you'll see the stables down the other side of the hill from there." He placed a massive thumb on the screen and the gate swung open. "Enjoy your day, ma'am."  
  
Gwen drove slowly up the tree-lined drive, climbing up past the other end of the mansion they had entered the night of the party. She crested the hill and saw her destination nestled in the valley below. Rows upon rows of barns, indoor riding rings, storage buildings, all neatly arranged. A wide paved road led down to it between acres of white-fenced paddocks.  
  
Rae Rayburn was waiting for her as she stopped to allow the gate into the facility to open. Gwen breathed a small sigh of relief—she at least had dressed as well as the young woman before her motioning the truck to a nearby parking spot.  
  
"Mrs. Nelson, very nice to see you again," Rae said, extending her hand. "Mrs. Danning finished up her noon appointment a little early and is already down to the stable. I'll take you to her now." Gwen hurriedly grabbed the riding gloves off the seat where she had carefully laid them and hurried to the waiting golf cart.  
  
They found Sylvia Danning at the last row of stalls, talking with two stable hands. She turned and smiled at the sound of crunching tires. "Gwen! Thank you so much for coming!"  
  
"My pleasure, Mrs. Danning. Thank you for inviting me."  
  
"Please, call me Sylvia." Her young assistant's eyebrows rose almost imperceptibly in surprise. The privilege of using Mrs. Danning's first name was rarely granted—mostly to very close friends, counterparts and those she wanted something from. The woman before her did not seem to be either of the first two possibilities.  
  
"Your stables are lovely," Gwen said looking about. "You obviously care very much for your horses."  
  
"I care for my horses more than I care for most people," she said with a laugh. "I get the sense you're of the same mind."  
  
Gwen smiled. "For the most part, yes."  
  
"So—who would you like to take out today? Any of the horses along this row of stables are ready for some exercise. Care to take a look?"  
  
Gwen sensed a test was being given, just as she had given Cricket that first day in the barn, or the first time Mrs. Ritter had approached her all those years ago...she slowly walked down the line, eying the heads that looked back in curiosity. All were magnificent, but something about the one in the fifth stall...the massive jet-black horse eyed her, sizing her up just as she was doing to him.  
  
"This one," she announced, looking over at Mrs. Danning. "Would he be suitable?"  
  
The older woman smiled. "You have a good eye. Calazac Farms Dia Del Diablo. Very spirited. The exercise riders draw straws for him and the loser has to take him out. Quite a handful. Are you sure?"  
  
Gwen and the horse continued to take each other's measure. "If that would be alright. I enjoy spirit."  
  
"Of course." Grooms were summoned, and Gwen marveled at the speed the horse was saddled. One groom stood by after they finished, holding the horse still so the rider could mount. Gwen took the reins from the young man and easily swung a leg over, settling herself into a saddle that probably cost more than her truck. Horse and rider tested each other, the animal finally deciding that he could work with this one, and allowed her to lead the dance. Sylvia Danning beamed in approval.  
  
"Rae, I don't think I'll be needing you on this ride—I would think Gwen and I can watch out for each other just fine. Would you go confirm my dinner plans, and make sure everything is arranged for my evening with the Repzynskis after?"  
  
The young assistant nodded. "Yes ma'am. Shall I return here at a quarter to 4?"  
  
"Yes, that will be fine. I'd rather ride than go to that damn dinner, but we all have disagreeable things we must do." A saddled horse seemed to magically appear next to Mrs. Danning. "Shall we go?" She led the way out of the yard and down a meticulously groomed tree-lined path. The stables were soon lost from sight as they crossed through green meadows and landscaped patches of forest.  
  
Gwen was duly impressed. "This is marvelous," she said softly.  
  
"I think my Kentucky farm is prettier," Mrs. Danning replied, but it's easier to run my affairs from here than there. I do try to get out there whenever the opportunity presents itself, though. Of course, some of my favorite spots to ride are on the continent. Have you ever ridden in Europe?"  
  
"No ma'am, I've never been."  
  
"You should go. My favorite spots are Ireland and the Alps, but there are so many nice places for you and your horse to just get lost for a while. I made a point of doing just that when I was over there a couple of weeks ago. Speaking of which, I ran into your old boss in Prague and gave her your regards."  
  
Gwen stiffened. "Miss Ritter?"  
  
"Mmm-hmm. She spoke very highly of you."  
  
She doubted that. Miss Ritter never spoke highly of anyone. "I'm sure she was just being kind."  
  
The other rider laughed. "We both know kindness is not one of her traits."  
  
She had been very complimentary in her own way, Sylvia Danning thought. She had found her at one of the endless after-event parties that were required attendance for the equestrian elite. Miss Ritter stood off to one side of the room, in a small open space no one seemed to dare encroach upon despite the crowded nature of the affair. A young blonde girl respectfully stood one step behind her, awaiting the call to tend to her mistress.  
  
"Else, very nice to see you again," Mrs. Danning said warmly, extending a hand.  
  
The woman nodded. "Sylvia, you as well."  
  
They talked for a moment, discussing who and what they had seen during the event, Miss Ritter not having a positive opinion on anything or anybody. "Oh, I should mention," Sylvia offered after the other woman had deemed the year's competition sorely lacking, "I recently ran into an instructor who used to work for you. Gwen Nelson?"  
  
"Nelson..." the woman seemed to be searching her memory.  
  
"It might not have been Nelson when you knew her. She worked for you at Peachtree Stables?"  
  
Something flashed in the woman's eyes, something Sylvia had never seen before in all the years they had been acquainted. Fondness? Remorse? As quickly as it appeared, it was replaced by the more customary steely gaze. "Gwen Curran? Ah yes, I remember her. Such potential. What a waste. Of course she is now 115 kilos and a litter of children, yes?"  
  
Mrs. Danning smiled. "She looks like she could ride competitively tomorrow. As for children, I only know of one—her daughter won one of my cups several years ago."  
  
"Bah, Gwen Curran could teach a chimpanzee to succeed at the events you give your awards at. She was good, very good, Sylvia. A true natural, although too soft with both her horses and her students. But I had made good progress with that, with her—she could have been one of the greats! But instead, she chose to become a brood mare for that plow horse of a man. He wasn't even a rider, Sylvia!"  
  
"It sounds as if you took a special interest in her, perhaps even considered her a protégé?" Mrs. Danning knew the duties expected of one of Else Ritter's special students from when she had employed her; the master used many methods to break her charge's spirit and will just as one might break a young horse. Some of the methods were much more personal in nature...  
  
"Jah, jah," Miss Ritter said impatiently with a wave of her hand. "To have not fostered such talent would have been criminal. Gwen Curran required a firm hand to guide her, one that would teach her to channel her physical and mental energies towards the perfection of her craft. This one," she continued, dismissively nodding back at the girl behind her, "does not have half the talent, but I believe I have at least been able to teach her that there are other ways to subdue physical urges and mental weakness, ways that do not include things attached to a hairy body with a beer belly and drunken fists." The young woman stared at the floor, meekly accepting the frank evaluation of her ability. "Instead Gwen chose to give up her true calling and spread her legs for the first boy to flirt with her. Such a waste," she muttered.  
  
Sylvia smiled at the memory, then at her companion. "She thought you were very gifted."  
  
"I learned a lot from her."  
  
"Do you ever regret leaving her...employment?"  
  
The question struck Gwen as somehow having a deeper meaning, something very personal, and yet strangely it was something she didn't mind answering for this near-stranger. "No," she said firmly and truthfully, "I don't. I left that life to get married. I knew the future she had in mind for me did not have room for a husband. But he and my children are the best things ever to happen to me. I have no regrets."  
  
The discussion strayed to other things, to events Mrs. Danning had been to recently, the horses she had seen and the people she had met. Soon they were back on the wooded path that led to the stables. The older woman reined her horse in just before they were about to emerge from the trees. "Well Gwen, I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed this. You are every bit the rider Else said you were and more. I'd like to talk to you about something."  
  
Gwen halted her mount as well and looked back expectantly.  
  
Sylvia Danning smiled. "I have a proposition for you."